

ON THE LEFT OF A THRONE



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation



James Duke of Monmouth & Buccleuch.
by Sir Peter Leby

ON THE LEFT
OF A THRONE
A PERSONAL STUDY
OF JAMES DUKE OF
MONMOUTH: ❧ ❧ ❧
BY M^{RS}. EVAN NEPEAN
WITH 36 ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON: JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD
NEW YORK: JOHN LANE COMPANY
TORONTO: BELL & COCKBURN. MCMXIV

Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & CO.
at the Ballantyne Press, Edinburgh

DA
448.9
N350

To
J. W.

✱

RESPICE

540825
LIBRARY

PREFACE

I DO not claim for this book that it is in any way a complete biography of "the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth." I have not attempted to deal with his campaigns—he saw much service and was the reverse of a carpet knight as is popularly supposed—I have only touched upon his Rebellion, which has often been minutely described by far abler pens than mine ; and I have merely indicated his place in the politics and intrigues of his day. But he has been treated hitherto as nothing better than a pawn in the great game of history, without a personality of his own, and as I have never yet read a study of Monmouth the man, I have written one.

I deny none of his follies and sins, but I have gone deeply into the question of his religion, his enduring love, and his fine finish on the scaffold. While not attempting to excuse his faults, I have tried to see him through the

eyes of the two people who knew and loved him better than anyone else in the world, Charles II and Henrietta Lady Wentworth.

There exist two "histories of his career," that written by Mr. George Roberts, Headmaster of Lyme Grammar School, published in 1844, and Mr. Allan Fea's *King Monmouth*, in 1902. Mr. Roberts was not aware of the existence of Monmouth's pocket-book, which was not acquired by the British Museum till 1851. Mr. Fea referred to portions of it, chiefly those which I have omitted, and attributed two of the poems (which he printed) to Monmouth; I have identified a third, which I reproduce, and give all three, with the original settings of two of them.¹ The general public finds the Memoirs of Thomas Bruce, Lord Ailesbury, difficult of access, and some of the matter which I quote I have not seen utilised by any other writer; the same may be said of certain portions of the Buccleuch MS., which, as far as I know, has only once been printed in full, and that was done over a century ago, in 1809,

¹ Mr. Fea suggests these poems were written at Gouda, but it has been lately pointed out to me that it is much more likely that they were composed at Toddington.

in Rose's *Observations* on Fox's historical works.

In making frank confession of my pleasure in Monmouth's good looks, I have to admit at once that under cross-examination on the subject I come out of it very badly ! There is the Monmouth that I can guess at, the Monmouth that I can see inside my head. But for practical purposes it is better to deal only with facts, the painted canvas, and the written word. So, then, what was he really like ? Perhaps it is best to disarm criticism by saying at once that, after several years of endeavour to find out, I have to admit that I do not know ! The fact of his handsomeness was insisted on by contemporary writers, but he seems to have been less the "beauty man" we all despise than a thoroughly delightful creature to look at ; in short, he graced any company in which he found himself. But the results from a composite opinion, if it may be thus expressed, are distinctly disappointing, and not much help can be gathered from a lengthy study of his pictures. Perhaps the strangest point of all lies in the fact that these portraits,

though they resemble one another "on paper," *i.e.* all giving each separate feature according to the accepted standard, fail to resemble one another as a whole in general effect, and fail, moreover, to show us Monmouth as I believe him to have appeared.

The theory that his charm was of the elusive order, depending upon expression only, will not stand when we remember that the Comte de Gramont, who gives the most exhaustive description of him, denies this fact. Each feature had its peculiar delicacy in that astonishingly beautiful whole ; above all, it was thoroughly masculine beauty, nothing insipid, nothing effeminate. Monmouth had a perfect figure of the slender order (my own phrase must be insisted upon, of the greyhound type), and he was, presumably, just under six feet, the perfect male height. Little is said about his colouring, but again notes must be pooled, and I conclude that he was distinctly dark, not as black as Charles II but certainly more brown than James II. Some painters give Monmouth the sapphire blue eyes of James, but as a rule they are dark hazel.

I have purposely omitted many of the most popular portraits for the reason that they are so well known ; some are difficult to reproduce in a manner that would in any way do justice to the originals, others are not for publication in a book, such as the exquisite Lely sketch at Windsor Castle.

The full-length Garter-robcs picture by Lely (copies at Ugbrook and the Charterhouse) painted in 1677, and the " Head in an oval " at Montagu House, presumably of the same date, photograph very badly, and are best known by the magnificent engravings by Abraham Blooteling. I give the former, at three-quarter length, but not the latter, as, though this is considered Blooteling's *chef d'œuvre*, it is not a good portrait of Monmouth, and in the process of reproduction loses yet more of the actual likeness. Blooteling over-emphasized the wig to the verge of caricature ! The Windsor sketch, on the contrary, gives no such idea of a massing of heavy horse-hair "sausage" curls. I suggest that this sketch (too finely finished to be a rough study, as Mr. C. H. Collins-Baker points out) was done by Sir Peter for the King, and escaped

destruction, being probably hidden away in a portfolio. Charles II must have possessed oil-paintings of his beloved son, but in the Royal collections there are only the Cooper miniature, where Monmouth is aged about seven years, and this sketch. Query, did James II, or even William III, do away with the others? James can hardly be blamed if this were the case.

The Kneller at Montagu House is, in my opinion, a totally misleading portrait, as is the "Master of the Horse" picture at Dalkeith. I give the Riley with the Dalmatian dog at the latter place, engraved for Lodge's portraits, a fine picture, but the forehead is too broad and the mouth femininely small. Of the three pictures of Monmouth possessed by the National Portrait Gallery, I reproduce only the dead face attributed to Kneller; this, as I have said, is probably the finest portrait we possess, and is amazingly true to the Stuart type. The beautiful head, once ascribed to Wissing, now labelled "School of John Riley," and the inferior Lely, painted when Monmouth was a youth, I leave out as being familiar to everyone, and always accessible. My frontispiece is from Lord

Beauchamp's portrait at Madresfield Court, a repetition of the "Head in an oval" at Montagu House, and more like it than another fine version belonging to Lord Methuen at Corsham Court, where is also an interesting Mary Beale. Mr. Frank Sabin has another by this painter, who had a predilection for painting the Duke in fair periwigs; and yet another Beale is at Woburn Abbey. As we know from Pepys it was at one time fashionable for great ladies to appear in almost white locks, I suggest that in Monmouth's later teens some of the smart young men wore wigs much fairer than their own hair.

The "Charlton Hunt" painting at Goodwood, which some authorities dismiss as being 18th century, is a fine *portrait* of Monmouth, and the authentic "Master of the Horse" picture shows much the same "short riding wig," which was worn, *vide* some contemporary accounts of personal expenses, at this period (see *The Ancestor*). The "St. John the Baptist" at Dalkeith is a beautiful portrait, and attributed to Huysmans by Mr. Collins-Baker, done when Monmouth was fifteen. In my eyes much

charm has been lost by the fact that the sitter was evidently bored past endurance, and appears, like the modern schoolboy, to have felt he was being made a fool of ! The fashionable practice of the day—that of taking Biblical characters for a type of “fancy dress” portrait — was absolutely deplorable. This picture (to return to my theories connected with his looks) is worth studying, primarily because it proves Monmouth to have been darker in colouring, even at that early age, than many of his subsequent portraits show, to have had a longish oval face, cleft chin, full under lip, marked eyebrows, fine, but not very *large* dark eyes, without a full fringe of lashes—this, I believe, was a peculiarity, as his eyebrows were certainly strongly defined—a well-cut nose, measuring rather more than usual from wing to end, as may be seen in the Blooteling three-quarter length engraving, and with broad but chiselled tip. The fine hands, narrow across the knuckles, and with very small nails ; the slender boyish figure, supple and straight, the long natural hair, all foreshadow the astonishing good looks of the sitter on arriving at manhood, though

.

the portrait was painted at the awkward age—that is, if Monmouth ever passed through it !

The Lely, painted, I think, about the time of his marriage (or possibly as soon as the marriage was arranged, since there exists a portrait of his Duchess in the same type of dress), which is in the possession of the Duke of St. Albans, and which Mr. Fea used for his frontispiece to *King Monmouth*, I do not give, as I believe it to have been unlike him, though I confess it resembles the best miniature of Lucy Walter at Montagu House, and it is a beautiful picture. I regret that the interesting “Monmouth with Astrologer,” in the possession of the Earl of Clarendon at The Grove, is so dark that it resisted four separate attempts to photograph it for reproduction. Mr. Collins-Baker is inclined to ascribe it to Riley, and he also attributes the full-length Garter-robres portrait in the attitude of dancing, in the possession of the Duke of Richmond at Goodwood, which I give, to the same artist, though this is labelled Kneller, and I am inclined myself to adhere to the labeller’s decision—it seems to me a Monmouth seen by other eyes than

those which visualised the Riley with the dog at Dalkeith.

There were, without doubt, two classes of Monmouth portraits : one shows him with the shorter face, broader brow, and flatter (and therefore earlier) peruke ; the other portrays the almost perfect long oval face, fuller under lip and chin, and piled-up curls, just as one class makes him nearly as black as his father was, and the other misleadingly blond. That he was really dark-haired is proved by Cooper's miniature when he was quite a little boy, if not by the " St. John the Baptist," Huysmans' portrait, and finally by the dead face, where the hair is his own. Perhaps Sir Spencer Ponsonby Fane's picture of him at Brympton, unfortunately unsuitable for reproduction, betrays his likeness to Charles more strongly than any other.

Among the medals at the British Museum, of which there are several fine examples, is the admirable portrait given in one attributed to Smelting (reproduced) ; this is probably one of the latest done of him in his lifetime, and is inscribed : "*Jacobus dux Monumet. Fid. et Libert. Defensor.*" The same features, though with a

short wig, as in the "Master of the Horse" and the "Charlton Hunt" pictures, are seen in another medal commemorating his death, and dated July 15, 1685. The nose is too long, but otherwise I believe this to be among the half-dozen most lifelike portraits of him.

There are a large number of engravings in the Print Room at the British Museum (among them a strange equestrian figure totally unlike the Duke, with a marked moustache and hat of the time of William III, produced posthumously), but most of them are valueless as portraits, though they include a Vander Vaart from Wissing and the two glorious Blootelings—the life-size "Head in an oval" is in the first and second states.

In his idlest and most prosperous days he had a tendency to Knelleresque double chin!—but as Ailesbury, Nell Gwyn, and others have mentioned, he grew much thinner in his later years. The distinguishing mark, for which one looks first on endeavouring to identify a dubious portrait of Monmouth, is the mole on the right side of the upper lip (as becomingly placed as a patch!), and this may be seen in very many of the pictures and prints, in the Blootelings, and

the Lelys from which they were engraved, the Smeltzing medal, the "St. John the Baptist," the "Astrologer," the Riley at Dalkeith, the head ("School of John Riley") in the National Portrait Gallery, the Vander Vaart engraving, the Lely sketch at Windsor, and many others. A portrait of Charles II by Kneller gives him exactly the same "wart on his face" which was supposed to enhance Monmouth's likeness to Colonel Robert Sidney !

Miniatures as a whole prove disappointing where the Duke is concerned. It is almost impossible to believe the well-known Dixon example to have been intended for him, or the so-called Monmouth in the collection of the late Mr. Pierpont Morgan, a Cooper, which in my humble opinion resembles George, second Duke of Buckingham; and the florid type of dress, to say nothing of the date, accords better with this theory. There is also one at Montagu House, representing a youth with a long V-shaped face and obliquely slanting eyes, which affords the strongest possible contrast to accepted views on the subject of his looks ! The babyish Cooper at Windsor, one of the most attractive child mini-

atures ever executed, was probably exactly like him at the early age—though it is by no means of the pretty-pretty “chocolate-box” order—when he must still have been in his poor mother’s care.¹

I have tried to trace several other portraits unsuccessfully; one was in the possession of Mr. Walter Crouch when *King Monmouth* was just going to press in 1902, and “claimed by tradition to be the Oxford University picture of Monmouth by Kneller, saved from the fate of burning which overtook that at Cambridge,” of which University he was Chancellor. Some time ago I was informed that a magnificent youthful “Monmouth” was possessed by an old lady named Fitzgerald who lived in reduced circumstances somewhere in the west, but who refused all offers made her for it. I endeavoured to get into communication with her on her removal to Exeter, but the next thing I heard was that she had died, and that the picture had been sold by her executors. Where it went I do not know, but shortly afterwards I was just too late to view

¹ Probably painted when he was in England in 1656, aged seven.
—G. D. G.

a portrait acquired (and at once sold) by a West-end dealer, which "sounded" exactly like the one I was in search of. I have my doubts, however, that it represented Monmouth at all.

The "Henry Duke of Gloucester" in Lord Cobham's possession at Hagley Hall was formerly labelled "Monmouth," as was the "John Wilmot Lord Rochester," at Warwick Castle. The ghostly portrait—showing the Duke's face through the half-removed background of another painting done on the top of it!—is at Hatfield House, and is a copy of the "Astrologer" at The Grove, attributed to Wissing in the Hatfield Catalogue.

Often as Monmouth appears to have been painted, on examination it is found that many of his portraits are copies, repetitions, or variations, chiefly from the Lely full-length and the head in an oval, once his own property. The portrait reproduced belonging to Mr. Okeover is one of the variations, but a beautifully laced coat, fringed gloves, and a sash have been substituted for the Garter robes. He was nearly always painted as a K.G. or in armour, hence the value of a picture which gives him in ordinary dress. One at Versailles, valueless as a likeness (and one

of those rare examples which show him with a faint moustache), is fascinating in the details of the clothes. He carries a bâton, and his fully plumed helmet rests on a table beside him; I should imagine this must have been painted for Louis XIV at the time when Monmouth had covered himself with glory in the French service in 1672 and 1673. In the Brympton portrait he wears a magnificent silken garment somewhat like a modern dressing-gown. So much for the outward Monmouth, the eager boy, the gracious fine gentleman, the lay-figure hidden under curls and laces, silken draperies and burnished steel! They tell us that he was vain, but I can see that he hated sitting for his portrait as whole-heartedly as the typical Englishman of to-day shies at the modern camera. Hence his pictures baffle us as a rule. History, *always with nerves on edge where he is concerned*, gives us the obvious side of him, "Fitzregal Monmouth," the Restoration Court gallant, the fickle husband, the wayward son, the tragic failure as leader, as Stuart, as King! But—for the rest—I have tried to write here something of him which has not been written yet,

because, knowing what I do know about Monmouth, it does not seem to me to be playing the game to leave it unwritten. So much for the payment of one debt, now to acknowledge several others.

It is impossible for me to discharge my obligation to Mr. Fea, as without his biography this book could not have been written ; he has also rendered me help lately. It is also difficult to thank sufficiently Mr. George David Gilbert for the appendix on Lucy Walter, attached to Mrs. Arthur's translation of Madame d'Aulnoy's *Memoirs of the Court of England in 1675*, and for a long correspondence on the subject of Lucy's son, containing invaluable information and including the loan of photographs, documents, &c. Miss Marjorie Bowen has also assisted me in a hundred ways, as has Mrs. Edmund Pryor. I have to thank heartily Prince Frederick Duleep Singh, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and the Countess of March, Mr. C. H. Collins-Baker, Mary Countess of Lovelace, Mr. Randall Davies, the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry, Mr. W. W. Whitmore, the Rev. J. C. C. Pipon and his brother Major-

General Pipon,¹ the Earl of Verulam, Viscountess Grimston, and Lady Sibyl Grimston, Professor Holmes, Lady Anne Blunt, the Hon. Mrs. Neville Lytton, Captain Bruce Wentworth, Earl Beauchamp, Mr. and Mrs. Weston Webb, Lady Maud Hastings, Mr. Alfred Stamp, Mr. and Mrs. William J. Locke, Mrs. Robert MacKrell, Field-Marshal Lord Methuen, the Master of Charterhouse (the Rev. G. S. Davies), Lord De L'Isle and Dudley, Mrs. Ward Carey, Miss Sybil Reid, and many others who have shown an interest in the subject.

If any of my readers can help me further with fresh information and news of portraits as yet unknown to me, particularly concerning Monmouth, his Duchess, and Lady Wentworth, I shall be deeply grateful to them.

MAUD NEPEAN.

BERNERS, ST. ALBANS.

¹ These two brothers have in their care the burial-places of Monmouth and Lady Wentworth, respectively, in the Chapel of St. Peter in the Tower of London, and in the Wentworth Vault in St. George's Church, Toddington.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
I. THE YOUTH OF JAMES DUKE OF MONMOUTH.	
PART I	5
II. PART II	19
III. A HUMAN DOCUMENT: MONMOUTH'S POCKET- BOOK. PART I	39
IV. PART II	53
V. THE WOMAN WHO WOULD BE QUEEN: ANNA DUCHESS OF MONMOUTH. PART I	69
VI. PART II	82
VII. DALKEITH HOUSE: THE DUCHESS OF MONMOUTH'S MOTHER AND SISTER. PART I	101
VIII. PART II	116
IX. WIFE OF THE LEFT HAND: MONMOUTH'S LOVE FOR HENRIETTA LADY WENTWORTH. PART I .	139
X. PART II	153
XI. THE HOME OF HENRIETTA WENTWORTH: TOD- DINGTON MANOR. PART I	175
XII. PART II	189
XIII. A BRAVE COWARD: THE EXECUTION OF THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH. PART I	209
XIV. PART II	225

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH By Sir Peter Lely, in the possession of Earl Beauchamp at Madresfield Court. Specially photographed by Donald Macbeth, London. <i>Never before reproduced.</i>	<i>Frontispiece</i>
MONMOUTH AT FIFTEEN By Huysmans. Photographed by W. Mitchell, Eskbank, Dalkeith. By permission of the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry.	<i>To face p. 10</i>
ILLUMINATED PATENT CONFERRING MONMOUTH'S DUKEDOM, WITH INITIAL LETTER CONTAINING PORTRAIT OF CHARLES II	" " 12
THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH IN HUNTING DRESS (Goodwood House) By permission of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon. Specially photographed by Donald Macbeth, London.	" " 16
THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH From A. Blooteling's engraving from Lely. Specially photographed by Donald Macbeth, London.	" " 22
THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH IN GARTER ROBES (Goodwood House) Specially photographed by Donald Macbeth, London. <i>Never before reproduced.</i> By permission of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon.	" " 28
THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH By Riley. By permission of the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry.	" " 48
JAN SMELTZING'S MEDAL OF MONMOUTH Specially photographed by Donald Macbeth, London.	" " 54
MONMOUTH'S SEAL Specially photographed by Donald Macbeth, London.	" " 54

xxviii ON THE LEFT OF A THRONE

MUSICAL NOTES TO SONGS	<i>To face p.</i>	58
Specially photographed by Donald Macbeth, London. <i>Hitherto unpublished.</i>		
MUSICAL NOTES TO SONGS	" "	58
Specially photographed by Donald Macbeth, London.		
DELFT PLATE WITH PORTRAIT OF MONMOUTH (Wells Museum)	" "	60
Commemorating Rebellion.		
ANNA, DUCHESS OF MONMOUTH	" "	70
Engraved by Vander Vaart from Sir Godfrey Kneller. Specially photographed by Donald Macbeth, London. <i>Never before reproduced.</i>		
JAMES, DUKE OF YORK	" "	76
By Huysmans. By permission of the Earl of Verulam. Photograph by Lady Sibyl Grimston. <i>Only once previously published.</i>		
JAMES SCOTT, LORD DALKEITH	" "	80
Specially photographed by Donald Macbeth, London.		
THE MONMOUTH AVENUE (Dalkeith House)	" "	84
Photograph by W. Mitchell, Eskbank, Dalkeith. By permission of the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry.		
ROBERT SIDNEY (IN PETTICOATS) AND HIS ELDER BROTHERS	" "	88
The property of Lord De L'Isle and Dudley at Pens- hurst. Photograph by Eagleton, Penshurst.		
THE DUCHESS OF MONMOUTH AND HER SONS, LATER THE EARLS OF DALKEITH AND DELORAINE	" "	94
Engraved by Smith from Kneller.		
FRANCIS, EARL OF BUCCLEUCH	" "	102
Specially photographed by Donald Macbeth, London.		
MARGARET, COUNTESS OF BUCCLEUCH	" "	116
Specially photographed by Donald Macbeth, London.		
HENRY SCOTT, LORD DELORAINE	" "	122
Specially photographed by Donald Macbeth, London.		

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS xxix

THOMAS, LORD WENTWORTH, FATHER OF HENRIETTA LADY WENTWORTH (Ockham Park)	<i>To face p. 142</i>
By Dobson. Specially photographed by F. Hollyer. By permission of Mary Countess of Lovelace. <i>Hitherto unpublished.</i>	
THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH	" " 152
From the portrait in the possession of H. E. Okeover, Esq., of Okeover.	
HENRIETTA LADY WENTWORTH (Crabbet Park)	" " 166
By Lely. Specially photographed by Donald Macbeth, London. By permission of Lady Anne Blunt.	
THE EARL OF CLEVELAND	" " 178
By Van Dyck. By permission of the Earl of Verulam. Photograph by Lady Sibyl Grimston. <i>Hitherto unpublished.</i>	
OLD VIEW OF TODDINGTON MANOR AND MON- MOUTH'S OAK	" " 182
From a photograph by the late Major Cooper Cooper. By permission of Mr. G. D. Gilbert.	
DINING-HALL, ONCE THE KITCHEN, TODDINGTON MANOR	" " 184
Specially photographed by T. Tilsey, Toddington. <i>Hitherto unpublished.</i>	
FRONTAGE OF TODDINGTON MANOR IN SEVEN- TEENTH CENTURY	" " 186
Specially photographed by T. Tilsey, Toddington. <i>Hitherto unpublished.</i>	
THE GREAT PONDS, TODDINGTON MANOR	" " 186
Photographed by T. Tilsey, Toddington.	
PHILADELPHIA LADY WENTWORTH (Ockham Park).	" " 190
Specially photographed by F. Hollyer. By permis- sion of Mary Countess of Lovelace.	
HENRIETTA LADY WENTWORTH	" " 198
Engraved by Williams from Kneller. Specially photographed by Donald Macbeth, London.	
HENRIETTA LADY WENTWORTH	" " 202
Photograph by Warner Gothard, Barnsley. By permission of Captain Bruce Wentworth,	

xxx ON THE LEFT OF A THRONE

THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH'S SADDLE AND TRAPPINGS (Dalkeith House) . . .	<i>To face p. 218</i>
Photographed by W. Mitchell, Eskbank, Dalkeith, N.B. By permission of the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry. <i>Hitherto unpublished.</i>	
JAMES DUKE OF YORK (Dulwich Gallery) .	" " 231
By Greenhill. Photographed by William Gray, Bayswater.	
THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH AFTER DEATH .	" " 234
Photographed by Emery Walker, Ltd., London.	
WHERE MONMOUTH LIES: THE ALTAR OF ST. PETER AD VINCULA IN THE TOWER . .	" " 238
The burial-place is under the Altar behind the second leg from the right and immediately in the centre of opening in Communion Rail. Specially photographed by Donald Macbeth, London.	

ON THE LEFT OF A THRONE

A

THE STUARTS

You gave me of your blood. Not once it called me,
But ever, night and day ;
It was no passing sentiment enthralled me
And bade me come away.
You called—I heard ;—two hundred years and over
Opened to let me through,
“ We are your people, why are you a rover ? ”
And so I came to you.

My people—mine. I know your shames and sinnings,
I know your joy and pain,
The blackest endings to the white beginnings,
Ris'n stars that set again.
I know your broken faith (and what comes after,)
The love you deem your due !
I know your tears, and oh, I know your laughter,
Since I am one of you.

I build no temple, raise no fane immortal,
I worship at no shrine,
I hold the key to ope a secret portal
Between your days and mine :
A little door !—to other eyes 'tis hidden,
And I alone slip through
Into the past from whence I came, unchidden,
Back to the life with you.

Look ! I am yours, and ours the past of glory
That lives from age to age,
Bound ever in the Book of Scotland's story,
Our deathless heritage.
I build no temple, raise no fane immortal,
I worship at no shrine,
But bring my whole heart through the little portal,
To you, my people—mine !

On the Left of a Throne

I

THE YOUTH OF JAMES DUKE OF MONMOUTH

PART I

"What is it like to be England's son?
(England's son, for all that they say!)
*Crowns will be lost and crowns will be won,
And crowns will be thrown away.*
Gayest among these all-too-gay,
Nameless among these noble names,
What is life but a fairy play?
James."

"My son, fear thou the Lord and the King; and meddle not with them that are given to change."—*Quoted by John Evelyn from Proverbs.*

THERE is no more tragic figure in history than that of a king's bastard.

Once upon a time there was a Stuart Prince of the left hand, with ambition, with rash counsellors, with the love of the people behind him, and there, in a nutshell, we have farce, comedy—and stark tragedy. James Duke of

6 ON THE LEFT OF A THRONE

Monmouth, son of Charles II and Lucy Walter, aspiring to the throne of England, to which he had every right but The Right, found it harder to win than the crown of the martyr. Whatever his faults and failings, and they were many—many!—Monmouth died to win this kingdom and in the cause of the Protestant religion. History, contemporary and modern, dismisses him too lightly, since nothing fails like failure! Fool, knave, profligate, craven, pretender, rebel—he was all these. Allowing that Monmouth was of Stuart blood (even *that* contemporary history doubts!), all whitewashing is useless. Stuarts are not whitewashed. But the spirit of fair play has been roused by Monmouth's story! Let him, in colloquial phrase, at least "have a run for his money." At least let us look with interest, and unhurrying, through the case for and against him. So much, in a century wishful to hear two sides of a matter, and as many more as can be produced into the bargain, is the right of his memory.

Upon Monmouth, Stuart or no Stuart, fell the mantle of Stuart high chance and Stuart misfortune. His grandfather, *de la main gauche*,

Charles I, made no better finish on his scaffold at the end of all, died with no more simple dignity and with no more of a great gentleman's courage. If Monmouth's greatest great-grandfather, Henri IV, deemed Paris worth a mass, why, the Protestant Duke found the Reformed Faith worth the risking of a handsomer head than any that ever wore the crown of England !

From the very beginning Fate decreed that this boy should make history. Obscurity might well have been his portion, born as he was of a mother without a marriage contract, and a king without a kingdom ; for the day was not to dawn for eleven long years, when

“ Across the Straits of Dover
Our gallant king came over,
Came triumphantly over to his own ! ”

The world was aware of him from the first. If poor, pitiful, beautiful Lucy Walter, nomad-adventuress descendant of Edward III, had had any reputation to lose, it is possible that her little son might have been left for her upbringing. He would probably have rested in that oblivion whence Charles II's firstborn, James de la Cloche,

mysterious Jesuit son of a still more mysterious unnamed mother (Marguerite de Carteret?), emerged only to fade again. But upon Monmouth's birth and boyhood, in fact upon the whole of his short career, fell the light, a reflection of the light at any rate, that beats upon the throne. History is full of him—and tells us so little! We read so much of Monmouth, and how much do we know? Do we know him at all? Do we ever know much of any prince of a fairy story that never came right in the end?

Truly Fate threw strange dice for him! From time to time persistent rumours arose (and arise to this day) that a king's marriage had been the sequel to that brief love tale. Between April 9, 1649, and St. Swithin's morning on Tower Hill, 1685, there was a crowded life to be lived, a dream to be dreamed and broken, a fight to be fought and lost, and, for the beginning of the story, romance—reckless, picturesque, sordid, foolish Stuart romance! We look into "Mrs. Barlow's" lovely wide eyes, notice the curve of the silly, smiling, seductive lips, the dimples in the little, foolish, pleasure-seeking hands—and behold her true to type,

a type whose bedraggled history need not be written ; it can be guessed. There were many lovers in Lucy's short life (shorter even than her boy's), but only one love, and that was for the son himself, as handsome as she, "friendless mother of the son who failed," as tragedy-haunted, as near a throne, as surely as far from it. She adored her child, she fought the emissaries sent by the justifiably out-of-patience Charles to wrest or steal him from her, she left unguarded her precious papers to defend him—and thereupon all "proofs," if proofs there ever were, disappeared from her keeping for ever—she lost him, she found him again, she defied the world at some length, and with a great deal more noise and scandal than was desirable ; but in the end she lost him altogether. That type does not win. To have and to hold is not for the Lucy Walters. And when he went the road led downhill, *facilis descensus Averni*, straightway into merciful oblivion.

There seems but little doubt that she was a light woman all through. But recent research has certainly made out a good case for her, and has proved that many of the charges hurled

against her name are unsupported by a jot or tittle of evidence, and that, moreover—as was so often the case with criticisms on her son's conduct!—historians simply copied one another, even contemporary writers. It is the saddest story imaginable, this fairy tale of the beautiful girl among the swine, and which is the sadder, the truth or the falsehood in it, we find it quite impossible to say.

Meantime, for the child, appeared upon the scene the Royal fairy grandmother! Henrietta Maria, says Clarendon, often had him brought to her while in France, and “used him with much grace.” To be looked upon with affection by La Reine Malheureuse was to fall under the spell of the evil eye, we may think. For “Mam.’s luck at sea” was only equalled by Mam.’s luck, or rather ill-luck, on land!—hers was an atmosphere of misfortune, she had caught the Stuart trick of it. But that she loved the small grandson is undoubted, and she carried him over to England with her after the Restoration. There all his relations fell in love with him!—his father first and foremost (the two people Charles loved best in all his life were



MONMOUTH AT FIFTEEN
Dalkeith House



his sister Henriette and his son James), then Charles's poor tragi-comic Queen Catherine ; later, the enchantress "Madame" ; even Uncle James of York, playing his increasingly difficult game ; even "the Lady," Barbara the beautiful, rendered discontented with her own babies because this boy "made them look like little puppets."

There was first a tutor, Thomas Ross, who always treated him as if he were Prince of Wales, and then a guardian, William Lord Crofts, with a temporary surname ready till marriage should give him one legally. So, after the discovery of a grandmother and a Queen to boot, he found England and a father on the throne, a stepmother also a Queen, and the great, gay Court only too ready to spoil the enchanting boy who seemed made to be spoiled. "So pretty a child, with a great deal of wit and desire to learn"—and what were they to teach him ? "A most pretty sparke of about fifteen" (at thirteen), writes the ravished Pepys ; "the King's dear and entirely beloved son"—his official designation. History condemns the way

in which Monmouth kept himself before the public eye in after life, forced himself upon the public notice. In his childhood it was done for him, and by those highest in authority. *He was never treated as illegitimate; Charles's other children were never treated as anything else.* Thus was made Monmouth's tragedy.

This fact is worth remembering. In 1905 the late Sir Frederick Barnewall stated that Sir Bernard Burke, now dead, had told him of a conversation with the Duke of Abercorn many years before, who said that the then Duke of Buccleuch found among the papers in the Muniment Room at Dalkeith the marriage certificate of Charles II and Lucy Walter. (We may recall Monmouth's statement to William III, shortly before his Rebellion, that he had just been able to prove the marriage!) After considering the matter for some time, the Duke decided to burn it. Sir Bernard thought that this was a great mistake, as it was a document of historical interest, and believed that the late Duke of Abercorn thought the same. It is a



INITIAL LETTER OF PATENT CONFERRING MONMOUTH'S DUKEDOM
Record Office

much debated point whether under any circumstances an individual has the right to tamper with history by destroying papers so important, which, after all, belong to the family, and are only the temporary property of succeeding holders of a title.

Dancing with the Queen at Windsor, his hat in his hand, the little Duke was kissed by the King and bade to cover—to the naïve astonishment of a Court it was not easy to surprise ! On the death of any foreign Royalty he mourned in the long purple cloak worn only by Charles, James, and Prince Rupert. The great little heiress, Anna Countess of Buccleuch in her own right, was offered to the King for him by her mother, that thrice-married, managing, far-seeing Lady Wemyss, “a cook with pretty hands,” according to Lely’s portrait. So one morning the boy of fourteen without a name woke to find himself a married man, Duke of Monmouth and Buccleuch, Earl of Doncaster, Dalkeith, Scott of Tindale, Whitcheater, and Ashdale—to be created in due time, among other things, Lord Great Chamberlain of Scotland, Chancellor of Cambridge, Master of the

Horse, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, one of the lords of His Majesty's most honourable Privy Council, Captain-General of the Forces . . . we pause to take breath, though he never did ! Thus rose from gipsy wanderings with an outcast mother, this Prince of fairy story.

The splendid days ! Pepys casts a flashlight upon them from one of his diary pages : "The most skittish, leaping gallant that ever I saw, always in action, vaulting, or leaping, or clambering," a sentence suggesting all possible gates jumped, all available trees climbed, a not improbable sliding down balusters, with a dignified Clerk of the Acts on his busy way to "the Duke" (of York), or "My Lord" (of Sandwich), startled "at gaze" at the foot of the stairs. If we had been of the mobile, we confess we should have adored Monmouth ! "In his face was a character and grandeur such as was worthy of his Birth" ; he was so good to look at, to speak to—we can see the comely young figure, the swift flash of the brilliant smile, hear the voice, "more slow than Hybla drops, and far more sweet." He was so buoyantly *well*, Monmouth

was never really ill in his life ; and he was delightful in his manners (“*Soy aymable à tous*,” he quoted) ; so generous, as his friends knew ; so brave, “his valour was unsurpassable” ; so merciful, as his prisoners found out ; “he always had great temper,” as even one of his worst enemies confesses ; he was so affable (the old affected term). We like best our own word—pleasant, that was Monmouth—pleasant to his loving relations and worshipping crowds. To stand and look at him was the mob’s delight, and from his early days it is perfectly clear that he knew it ! The old Scriptural phrases recur to the mind as we think of the handsome scapegrace, the rejoicing of a young man in his youth, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, how truly they bring to our sight that virile, dare-devil young life !—and to our thoughts the gamble of it all. These worshippers could make him a king if they loved him enough. These people could give him what his father, and, later, his father’s declaration, denied him. (“The Duke of Monmouth swears he will kill any man who says the King was not married to his mother.”)

If they loved him enough ? Well, they should love him !

As far as we know, the hunting portrait of Monmouth has never before been made public, and our thanks are due to the Duke of Richmond and Gordon—the picture is in his collection at Goodwood House—for permission to reproduce it.

It gives in a most uncommon manner the sporting kit of the great gentleman of the period. Monmouth kept a pack of hounds at Charlton, near Goodwood, and was so fond of the place that he used to say he should hold his Court there when he became king !

The “short riding-wig” leaves the line of neck and shoulder visible in a manner the flowing peruke (worn on all other occasions) never permitted. The plain buff cloth coat only relieved by the Star, and a glimpse of the blue Garter ribbon across the breast, the severe cravat and belt, the still more severe three-cornered hat, are all interesting, in that they show the hunting kit of the smartest young man of his day to have been the dress which became general



THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH IN HUNTING DRESS (GOODWOOD HOUSE)

about a generation later. The painting bears his arms with his wife's inescutcheon, and omits the bâton sinister, of which omission the writers of the time, Pepys among them, took careful (and amazed) note ! The joyous young face smiles at us, the lithe young figure—that of a dancer, a runner, a horseman, a prince of athletes *par excellence*—is revealed, and for once unspoiled by the florid Caroline Court dress or by trappings of State. Even if the clumsy gauntlets ruin the well-known beauty of the hands, they are eminently workmanlike, as indeed is the whole suit. The whip is most attractive !¹

In the portrait the un-English warmth of colouring, the bright, dark eyes under their well-marked brows, bring irresistibly from the sub-conscious brain the fact that Charles II was a surprising throw-back to his Medici ancestors ! —black baby of brown Henrietta Maria, daughter of Marie de' Medici ("so *noir* that I am ashamed of him !"). We have the full under-lip and the

¹ Authorities differ as to the date of this picture. We suggest that it may have been painted after Monmouth's time to form part of a series of Masters of the Charlton Hunt, since Prince Frederick Duleep Singh dates it at 1725, but if this were so, we marvel that a Duke of Richmond should have permitted the omission of the bâton sinister !

exquisitely cut chin that have wrung from an onlooker the admission that no man with a mouth like that could be anything but a lover. "What of soul was left, I wonder, when the kissing had to stop?" More of soul than was ever revealed before, as will be seen hereafter.

II

THE YOUTH OF JAMES DUKE OF MONMOUTH

PART II

“ ‘Room, there ! room for the prince’s grace !’

A roar of cheers and a throng astir,

The arms of England—the pride of place—

Unmarred by the bâton sinister.

‘Blessings of Heav’n on your handsome face,

God and the Protestant Duke !’ they say,

For crowns are to lose and crowns to be won,

And crowns to be thrown away.”

ALL through the study of his career the heart is wrung by a queer *maternal* pity for Monmouth. Poor baby, poor worse than motherless and fatherless boy, poor plaything of a lax Court, poor married child, with every pretty woman within reach ready to turn his head—and to have her head turned by him !—in an age when male good looks counted for even more than female—and how directly do the writers of that day drive home that fact ! We cannot avoid the theme of

beauty even if we would, and with James Scott let us confess that indeed we would not !

Anna his wife was in some ways a foil to him ; she showed up his good and bad points alike. If he had been obliged to win her he would have valued her, they tell us. As it was, "she was a present to him from the King." Quite brutal—and quite true. This was written in memoirs wherein is found warm praise of both Duke and Duchess—an unusual occurrence. She never loved him enough to be really jealous ; but her pride was hurt (and naturally enough) by his fickleness. Charles, for all his devotion to his son, took his daughter-in-law's part on every occasion. To love James and to side with Anna—well, we have done it ourselves over and over again, but at times an intense desire consumes us to shake Monmouth ! We never get near enough to his wife even for a stately exchange of courtesies. She is always in the middle distance of the history of her time, dignified, self-contained, "silent and aware," no figurehead, no puppet of Destiny, yet

somehow never playing a leading part ; and there are moments when, let us confess, we forget her existence . . . just as Monmouth did !

“She was endowed with every quality that helps to make a delightful woman, her personal fascination was great.” Why was she not delightful ? Why was she not fascinating ? We do not know ; but we know that she was neither.

He ought to have been neither, but he was both ! “Young, amorous, and of a charming countenance,” wrote the friend of his boyhood a lifetime afterwards, kind old Stuart-adoring Thomas Bruce, Lord Ailesbury, looking back over the dead years to his comradeship with “that good Duke,” “who was ever to me a noble and good friend.” The sedate Evelyn called him “a lovely person.” Anthony Hamilton, in *The Memoirs of the Comte de Gramont*, wrote : “Son visage étoit tout charmant ; c'étoit un visage d'homme, rien de fade, rien d'effeminé ; cependant, chaque trait avoit son agrément et sa délicatesse particulière. Une disposition merveilleuse pour toutes sortes

d'exercises, un abord attrayant, un air de grandeur ; enfin, tout les avantages du corps, parloient pour lui." It is the men—the plain men!—who write of Monmouth's handsomeness, not the women, except that Anthony Hamilton in petticoats, Mme. d'Aulnoy, who considered him the handsomest and most attractive man in the world, young, gallant, endowed with every grace, a bewitching dancer, regarded with extraordinary favour by the King—it is the old story all over again, is it not? Witness after witness testifies to it, and well might they. For of the beautiful Stuarts this doubtful one was the most beautiful of all, "Paradise was opened in his face."¹

And he had the best of good times to begin with! "Melancholy was never my greatest fault," and we will believe him. Love-making at a hand-gallop, discovering a new mistress almost every day, which, even for the seventeenth century, may be reckoned racing pace. "When the Duke of Monmouth danced at Court, such a woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the head of his troop

¹ Dryden's "Absalom."



James, Duke of Monmouth & baronet Earl of Newcasle Galloway first of Tindale shrieves & the Duke Lord great Chamberlain
of Scotland Lord Lieutenant of the East Riding of Yorkshire governor of his Majesty's town & Citadel of Kingston
upon Hull Chas. Duque in Egypt of all his Majesty's Forests Chases Parks and Inclosures on the South side of Great Chancelor
of the University of Cambridge M. of the Signet to his Majesty one of the Lord of his Majesty's most honourable Council
of Italy, &c. Knight of the most noble order of the Garter &c. 1685 James I.

JAMES, DUKE OF MONMOUTH

in the Park." Dancing, riding—he was among the finest dancers and gentleman jockeys in the kingdom—hunting, running, raking with the best (or the worst) of them. Drinking, doubtless ; but, in spite of nearly every modern novel in which he figures as a sot, in spite of a thousand and one contemporary fault-findings (how Pepys shook that hypocritical peruke over him !), we have failed to find Monmouth drunk on any single occasion. Fighting, above all fighting, as James of York at sea and Louis XIV on land, could and did testify, handsomely. How he would have loved flying !

There were wild doings, of course, and worse than wild. A night of it in Whetstone Park resulted in "The Three Dukes killing the Beadle"—Monmouth, Albemarle (son of sturdy old Monk), and Somerset, who managed to keep his name out of the matter as far as history is concerned till researches lately brought it to light. By the "extraordinary document" drawn up for the Royal seal and signature, Charles granted his "gracious pardon unto our dear sonne, James Duke of Monmouth, of all

Murders, Homicides, and Felonies whatsoever at any time before ye 28th day of Feb. last past, committed either by himself alone or together with any other person or persons.” If Charles ever smiled cynically over any example of his own sardonic humour, it must have been over this one, entirely characteristic, which has been taken by every historian in solemn seriousness, and presents, to our thinking, one of the most amusing instances of Charles’s “chaff.” The remark, “They will never kill me, James, to make *you* King,” that confounded the fussy brother (whose sense of humour “was never his worst fault !”), was not so barbed an arrow as this wholesale pardon to the son whom he adored, but could never resist scoring off. We see the black twinkle in “those eyes like darkling water,” and hear the dry chuckle, “That ought to include most of his doings !”—and indeed the margin was wider than even the worst Hector of the day was likely to require. Monmouth was a young man of his time, but any intimate acquaintance with that time acquits him of much of the evil perpetrated by his contemporaries. Seven-

teenth-century licence went to lengths boggled at by the most broadly humorous mind of the present day; their sins, their wit, and their poetry could be dirty past endurance. But out of the lists of the worst type of offender history leaves Monmouth.

His pocket-book in the British Museum was first perused by us, we may admit, with some qualms, the unbowdlerised private writings of those free years proving as a rule strong twentieth-century meat!—qualms entirely unnecessary. This deeply interesting little book, which shall be dealt with later, might be read by any schoolgirl from cover to cover, love songs and all. Monmouth was a vivid sinner, but a cleaner one than most of his associates.

He always regretted his neglected education. He never had any brains! Given a really strong head, Monmouth would have changed history effectually; even the silver bar of his bâton sinister might have acted as a lever to overturn a throne. "His mind never said one word for him," we know, and at times he was tactless to a degree that calls forth laughter not altogether unkind. But he has been painted

in deliberately black colours—a fact not hard to explain. There was hardly a soul in his own rank of life who was not jealous of him, and who, at the back of that jealousy, did not realise how dangerous he might prove. We have it at the bottom of our minds that Charles, who was jealous of no one, was jealous of this popular son of his—it is a thought that thrusts itself upwards now and then. Had the racketty youth grown into a capable man, it would not have been that handsome, empty head which fell on Tower Hill.

Strangely enough, the Baronne d'Aulnoy thought him no fool, "this young Duke who had the art of pleasing." She makes him hold his own among celebrated wits and Court intriguers, and in one long and extraordinarily involved story shows him wriggling out of the coil with unexpected dexterity! The three cleverest actors in this little farce, the Duchess of Monmouth, George Duke of Buckingham, and the King himself, cut rather sorry figures—a new *rôle* for them! There is also an incident,¹ which moves the reader to laughter,

¹ Translation by Mr. Randall Davies.

where the blackness of the filial kettle is commented upon by the paternal pot, and Charles cynically asks his son if it is not time for him to settle down. And to the assurance that such affairs are only trifles, mere relaxations from serious duties, comes the wholly characteristic retort, "You must indeed have a great many serious duties if you need so much relaxation!" That is Charles—and that, perhaps, is Monmouth; and who ever had the last word but His Majesty?

At another time we see the mischief-maker bursting in upon the scene of a scrimmage between three ladies (we fear of his own engineering), "with the malicious intention of seeing how things were going," and finding one of them armed with goloshes as a weapon—"it is the custom for Englishwomen to wear them!"—the footman accompanying His Grace "carrying a torch, which could hardly have created a more surprising effect if it had been the head of Medusa."

We can well credit it. That he did not get his ears boxed seems an error of justice. "And how am I to face the Governess" (of

the Duchess of York's Maids of Honour) "after being belaboured with her goloshes last night?"

Coups de galoche!

They also threw ink at each other, these jealous beauties; altogether it savours a good deal of the schoolroom, and an unruly one at that. But in the seventeenth century people were simply big babies, and very naughty ones sometimes. Even William of Orange stamped childishly when vexed, and had a trick of doing so perilously near the vexer's toes, which once caused an intrepid English lord to take a step closer to his irate liege and to remark coolly, "Sir, *I* am no Dutchman!"

Monmouth could never have been the hero of such an incident, as we know his manners were usually enchanting; and, as Mr. Gilbert points out in his notes to Mrs. Arthur's translation of Mme. d'Aulnoy's *Memoirs*, he took the keenest interest in all that appertained to the curricula of deportment and breeding, as witness the quaintest volume of *Etiquette* of which the Duke accepted the dedication.

Later on we are given a tale in which



THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH IN GARTER ROBES (GOODWOOD HOUSE)

Monmouth is hidden in a cabinet—and *will* not stay in it!—and is finally lowered out of window in a basket, a proceeding witnessed by a masculine rival from below and three feminine from above, and in consequence he only just escapes being dropped and broken to bits—a fate which it is impossible to deny that he richly deserved.

A more serious note is struck by a strange little conversation on the subject of love between him and his friend Lord Grey, in which the Duke declares that he never really enjoys the possession of a heart which he thinks is absolutely won ; and Grey returns that Monmouth knows nothing of the one essential of a real attachment ; he is only to be moved by trifles, playthings, and if he were capable of a great devotion he would know that all the happiness in life consists in being loved by her whom he loves—the uncertainty of a mistress's affections would cause him despair, and a rival prove absolutely alarming. “Judge, from what I have said, of the difference between a fiction and a reality.” “I swear to you,” says Monmouth, “that up to now I have only known the former,

if it is true that to love really one has to love seriously." "I see very plainly," answers Grey, "that your time is not yet come ; but one day you will have news to tell me, and perhaps more than you care about." "With this dark saying, which time amply justified," concludes Mme. d'Aulnoy, "he went out."

So Ford, Lord Grey of Werke, was among the prophets—the true prophets.

There is no point in dwelling further here upon the years eaten by the locust, and on light stories of light loves, half a dozen at a time. The monotony of that variety—the boredom of such freedom ! Mme. d'Aulnoy makes us laugh, but she also makes us yawn over our laughter.

"It was Love for the asking ?—Lust,
In his wings out-tricked ;
Oh, the Dead Sea fruit of dust,
Oh, the bubble pricked !
Loose tresses and scented, lips
In a heart-shaped curve too red,
White, beckoning finger-tips,
The turn of a wanton head,
A whisper, a soft caress,
Careless, but burning hot—
All for the asking ?—yes !
All but Love,—James Scott."

Then came the time when he yawned too, and told Lord Grey he was dying to give up the life of ease and pleasure which he was leading, that he felt he was made for something better, and if he could obtain from the King the command of the English forces in France it would give him the greatest pleasure to put himself at their head. This was done, as we know—"they can play, and, by Jove, they can fight, too!" The typical Stuart, at least in the heyday of life, never knew what fear was.

So went the early years of him who was in truth the boy who never grew up.

But to the last they spoke of Monmouth as being young, and he was thirty-six when he died. To the last the fine, high-bred features retained their inveterate boyishness, even when cold in death—a death as horrible in its bungled tragedy as any we can bear to think of. He stood for the Spirit of Youth of his era, with a boy's incapacity for meeting a man's destiny. As this Spirit, at least in his real youth, let us take the unfortunate Lucy's unfortunate son, Prince Fortunatus for a space. Let us watch

him laugh and dance and make love, this "fine courtier and great lord," who "was most charming both as to his person and engaging behaviour," in the light of "the infinite love and affection borne towards him by that most solitary sovereign" his father. *Most solitary!* The faithful gentleman of the bedchamber, into whose arms Charles fell stricken by death on the icy February morning of 1685, puts his finger on a great truth overlooked by most contemporary and many subsequent writers. Ailesbury was no *littérateur*, but it is to be wondered if anybody ever loved the Stuarts better than he, and not with the sentimental love of one afar off, but that of a near, devoted servant (swearing at the same time that he was "no flatterer"), participator in the everyday, the ordinary private life of the men he served and loved. *He* knew how Charles sat apart in that Court of his, among his "clever asses" and scheming time-servers who thought they bought and sold him at will, who jeered at him, careless, lustful, "unthinking," "sauntering." "But God be praised, he was endowed with great temper of mind and of kingcraft,

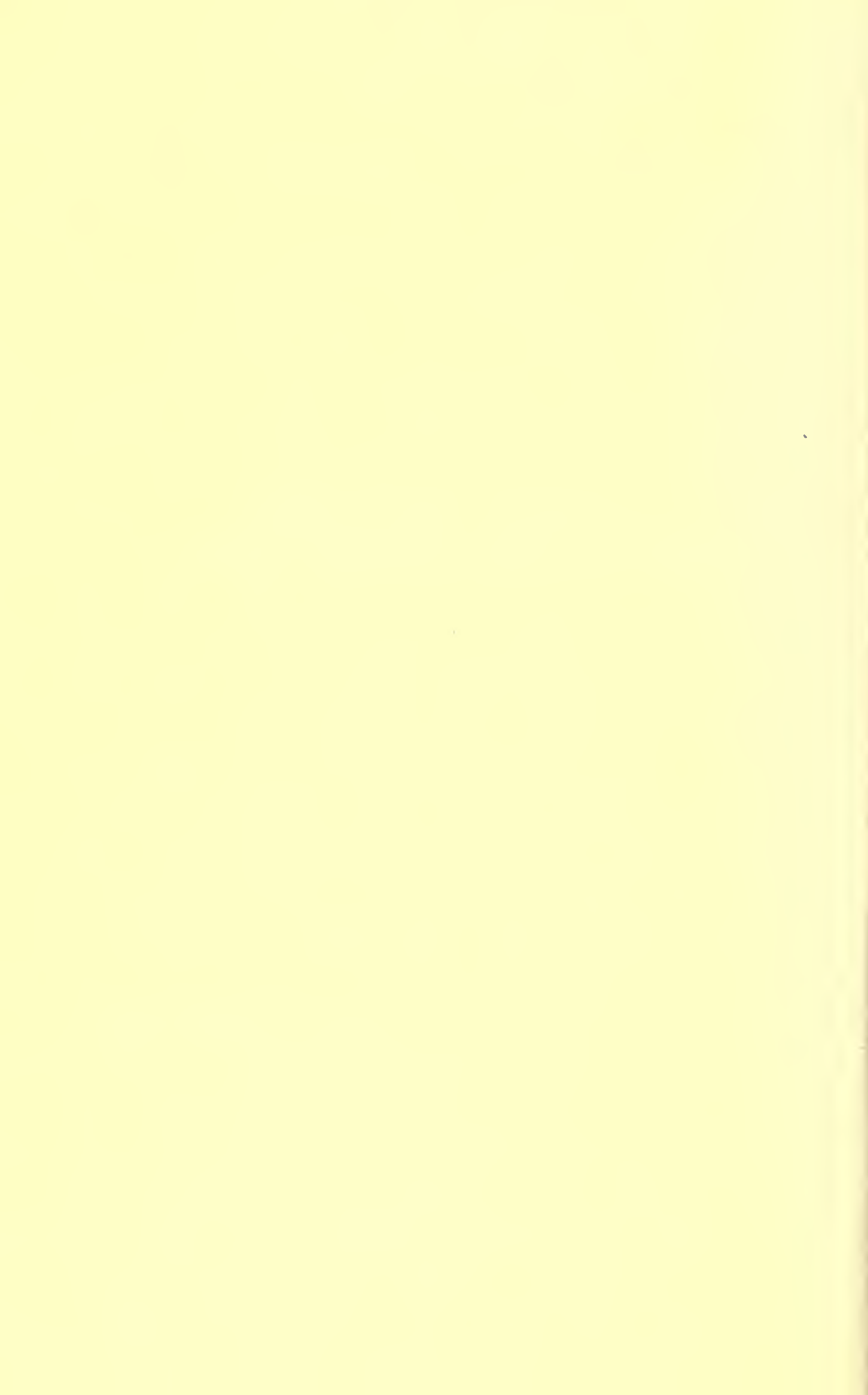
and knew men to a hair !” *We* know Charles, smiling inscrutably, or still more inscrutably serious, spinning, spider-like, a big black crafty spider in the middle of an invisible web, the strands of which were attached to the marionette flies, who danced all unwittingly to his pulling of the strings. Charles we know, most skilful diplomat of his day, content to hide behind the mask of the idle man of pleasure, appraising a woman’s beauty or tweaking his dogs’ ears with those long fine brown fingers—we know him better now than they did, who knew him personally.

Monmouth wears no mask as does his father, but for all that he is less easy to see. It has been said that there was far less to be seen. True—but it is also true that we should view more clearly all that there is for the looking at.

Tout comprendre, c’est tout pardonner, Monmouth is worth trying to understand. He does not appeal to the intellect, but is there nothing else to which he may appeal? If there be nothing else, then let us close the whole Book of the Stuarts. It is not for us !



A HUMAN DOCUMENT :
MONMOUTH'S POCKET-BOOK



KING OF THE WEST

I

"THE DUKING DAYS"

You came among us, brave and gay,
(No heart from heart shall sever.)
You smiled and went your royal way,
But you had left a love to stay
 Within our hearts for ever !
Yours—till the latest breath we drew,
The only King we ever knew.

II

SEDGEMOOR

And as our King you came to reign,
(Can heart from true heart sever ?)
There fell a night of strife and pain . . .
And you will never come again
 Within our lives for ever.
The lives we gladly give for you !
The only King we ever knew.

III

THE BLOODY ASSIZE

In a King's name they come to slay,
(And heart from heart must sever,)
They call you dead—we die to-day,
But you have all our love, we pay
 Homage to *one* for ever.
For you, for you, alone for you !
The only King we ever knew.

III

A HUMAN DOCUMENT : MONMOUTH'S POCKET-BOOK

PART I

“Wilt thou be wilful still?
And wilt thou be wilful still?
Wilt thou be wilful still?
Shame for thy wilful will;
For the lass that I loved well
Was wooed against my will.”

Scotch Song from the Pocket-book.

TO make history live again we have to go into the great catacombs of the underworld of old books, where lie its men and women, the dead who sleep.

From one of the greatest of them all, the British Museum, we demanded a certain human document, of which we had often read, but had never seen, the Duke of Monmouth's pocket-book. Preliminaries over, and a seat taken, an aloof official disappeared into, and emerged from, one of the most secret galleries of these tombs, and laid on the table before us a little thin brown

book, with broken silver clasps, typical seventeenth-century tooling, and mutilated covers whence the Arms of England, debauched by the bâton sinister, had been cut away, and we opened and read . . . and the dead arose for us !

Let us try to avoid the detestable trick of sentimentality when dealing with "this beloved, presuming, gallant, unhappy man."

It is difficult to escape from the offence for obvious reasons. He was a Stuart by a sideslip (and therefore doubly romantic in modern eyes), amazingly handsome, incredibly fortunate, inescapably unlucky. He died on the scaffold by the order of his uncle, James II, after the failure of his ill-starred "course for the Crown," and deservedly—there could not be *two* kings of England at a time when any Stuart was finding it hard enough to be *one* ! Monmouth died in the midst of a love story, which, while condemning, we are forced to respect. His image has been battered out of all shape by history, past and present, but to-day we are here to make dry bones live. Let us collect and sift and reconstruct, or let us make very sure where he

lies, as they made sure in the Prisoners' Chapel at the Tower, nearly forty years ago, and let us write over a nameless grave, as did Queen Victoria, Hanoverian who loved the Stuarts, his lost titles and arms once more.

The little slender volume, with its dark leather cover, lies easily between the palms, warm and smooth ; it has the feeling of a *handled* book, one that has been a man's intimate companion. In such a book there is the quality of the right kind of dog ! It might have been drawn a moment ago by fine " Van Dyck " fingers from a laced coat, and handed over to the reader with one of the charming smiles which we begrudge the seventeenth century. Though its clasps are broken and its edges stained, the whole presents a wonderful appearance of youth not quite to be described. Could Monmouth, the ever-young, bequeath that gift of *la belle jeunesse* to his inanimate possessions ? Nothing can give a more vivid impression of age than a book ; nothing, we repeat. A real grandfatherly tome bears down heavy and slow in the hands, dims the eye that wrestles with its ancient print, emits the very breath of the past ; nothing on

earth *smells* so old. Over a volume one-third the age of this we have felt awed with the weight of intolerable years.

Not here !

Turn it over.

An official museum label defaces its slim back—the errant fancy flies in spite of itself to that first owner's slender "greyhound" figure—the red label (snatching fancy back again) strikes the chilly impersonal modern note: "Brit. Mus. EG. 1527 (Farnb.)" is what it says to us.

But for the rest we guess that it was not *much* shabbier at the time when it was a free book, in the whirl of the wild Rebellion, when its master reigned in the west country for a few days, and in his rebels' hearts for evermore.

The men of James II (a king, as it would seem across all these years, for only a few days longer) took it from him when they searched his peasant's dress by the ditch beside the great ash tree. *This book has been wet through.* The sudden memory of a dripping grey July morning and a broken man at bay must be shut down as suddenly—these personal belongings are always

linked too closely with the living individuality of their owners. The past 230 years vanish as if they had never been. The ink, only a little brown in places, seems hardly dry ; the soaked edges of the leaves might be damp still. Look through them one by one. Here is more moisture, of a different character. Behold a place where Monmouth made an entry, and, apparently misliking it, scratched it out again, up and down and across the sheet in a large inky star, and clapped the covers to and thrust it back into his pocket (we can see him doing it) all wet, with catastrophic results. Here, again, he began a word, and lightly flicked out a half-formed letter with a finger-tip—schoolboy trick if ever there was one ! The mesmerised reader puts the tip of a finger on that little smear . . . but this thing was not done 230 years ago ; it happened yesterday !

.

If it had not been that James II was a business man, nobody would ever have recognised the Duke of Monmouth's pocket-book.

Where did it hide after the days of the Terror, that pillar of fire which swept out of existence

all Jacobite books deposited for safety at the Scots' College in Paris—even the great volumes of James's own most able memoirs?

This alone escaped ; too insignificant for destruction, perhaps. Yet, when an Irish divinity student found it on the Paris bookstall in 1821, there upon the flyleaf was revealed, in the big, bold writing of the King, "This book was found in the D. of Monmouth's pocket when he was taken, and is most of his owne handwriting." (Yet more dry bones live—an English sovereign's bones, scattered from the French resting-place, where they lay waiting to be taken back to a lost England, and waiting in vain.)

We will correct the entry ; *all* the writing is Monmouth's, as we have been at pains to verify—all, that is, which the book held at that date. The other volumes found on his person, the "Work on fortifications," and that setting forth "The yearly expenses of his Majesty's Naval and Land forces," the diary from which only a few tantalising quotations have been handed down to us by Welwood, are gone for ever.

If this book could speak ! But though books give us much, they will not tell us all they know.

Brought to light then, it went to Ireland, it changed hands twice or thrice, and in 1851 it was sold to the British Museum. A name and address or two were added in odd spaces, and a later hand wrote a list of the contents. Simply "a commonplace book," here and there from its quite ordinary pages history leaps into life, and a man's love finds words and melody, and his religion voice ; the secret movements that so puzzled contemporaries may be traced, his little weaknesses and follies smiled over, his spelling (oh, his spelling !) be likened to nothing else but his grammar. Both of them are better than those of another wandering Stuart "pretender" in search of a crown, his cousin Prince Charlie, if that is any comfort to us.

Since it is impossible to transcribe all the contents from cover to cover, space forbidding, below are given extracts from the index :

A prescription for cleaning silver ("to boille plate") ; for making leather waterproof ("to make bouts and choos hold out water") ; a planetary wheel ; a charm to procure deliverance from pain ; a morning prayer ; an evening prayer ; a prayer after the confession of sins ;

“To write letters of Secrets”; a method of forming “golden letters without gold”; “For making hair growe black though of any colour” (this betrays an effort to emphasize dark locks in the manner of Charles II!); recipes for the care of the teeth and skin; love songs in several languages (all picturesquely spelt); “Battery at the Hague, Military policy, and different routes of travel”; the thirty commandments in French, which we give in full.

On page 78 of the book the entry runs as follows (spelling *literatim*):

“Socrates, Platou, Aristote, et Cicerou ont fait ces trente comandemens pour leurs disciples.

“1. Ne dit à aucun ton secret. 2. Parle peu et bien. 3. Garde toy du vin et des fem̃es. 4. Soy aymable à tous. 5. Familier à peu. 6. Ne flatte personne. 7. Connois avant que d’aimer. 8. Ne blame temerairement. 9. Regard bien qui tu es. 10. Ne te rejouys du mal d’autrui. 11. Ne soit pas trop prompt. 12. Soit veritable en fais et dits. 13. Fuit haine . . . (illegible). 14. Rien n’est permanent. 15. Espère en mieux . . . (illegible). 16. Soit ferme en ton malheur. 17. En ton bonheur

humble et aisé. 18. En toutes choses modestes. 19. Honore les grandes. 20. Ne méprise les pauvres. 21. Bien faire vaut mieux que dire. 22. (Missing). 23. Soit content du tien. 24. Ne te fie à ton enemy. 25. Fuit ingratitude et dissimulation. 26. Soit misericordieux. 27. Fuit paresse, avarice, et orgueil. 28. Soit soigneux en ta vocation. 29. Fuit folie et tristesse. 30. Souvient toy quil faut mourir.”

The three most interesting portions are those containing the prayers, the three songs of his own writing and two original settings, and the diary of his travels reproduced in Mr. Allan Fea's *King Monmouth*, extending over several of the last years of his brief life, and concluded just before he set out from Holland for England on his fatal expedition. As far as can be gathered, he made no entry after leaving the Texel—the last is dated March 14, 1685—which is truly regrettable; Sedgemoor was fought on July 6. The whole book helps us very little with the story of his attempt upon this country, unless we read between the lines; but are we not doing that all the time?

The prayers attracted a good deal of notice

when the volume was first acquired by the Museum. In *Notes and Queries*, 1851, there ensued a correspondence, which resulted in the tracing, by Margaret Gatty, of "a striking passage" from "Prayers after confession of sins, and the sense of pardon obtained" (quoted by Sir F. Madden), to a Guide to the Penitent, published at the end of Bishop Jeremy Taylor's *Golden Grove*.

She wrote : "The short preface by a nameless hand which preceded the division of the *Golden Grove* would lead one to suppose that 'a guide' was a posthumous work of Taylor's, but this is not exactly stated. The prayers, however, have the same spirit and grandeur of piety which characterised those that are his acknowledged compositions. Monmouth was beheaded eighteen years after Taylor died."

The prayers cover twenty-nine pages of the pocket-book. Here are two (which correspond nearly word for word with those in our edition of the *Golden Grove*, the seventeenth), published in 1811, and we wish we had room to quote them all :



JAMES, DUKE OF MONMOUTH
Dalkeith House

Morning Prayer

“Blessed be Thy name, O Lord, and blessed be Thy mercies, who hast preserved me this night from sin and sorrow, from sad chances and a violent death. The outgoings of the morning and evening shall praise Thee, O Lord, and Thy servants shall rejoice in giving Thee thanks for the operation of Thy hands. Let Thy providence and care watch over me this day, O Lord, and all my whole life, that I may never sin against Thee by idleness and folly, by evil company or by private sins, by word or deed, by thought or desire, and let the employments of this day leave no remembrance of an evil conscience, but let it be holy and profitable, blessed and always innocent, that when the days of my short abode are done and the shadow is departed I may die in Thy fear and favour, and rest in a holy hope, and at the last I may return to the joys of a blest resurrection through Jesus Christ our Lord, in whose name and in whose words I humbly and heartily pray in the behalf of myself and all my friends and all Thy servants. Our Father, &c.”

Evening Prayer

“O Eternal God, Almighty Father of men and angels, by whose care and providence I am preserved and assisted, I humbly beg of Thee, O Lord, to pardon all the sins and follies of this day, the weakness of my service, the strength of my passion, the rashness of my words, and the vanities and evil of my actions. ¹Thou wert justly offended at me, O Lord, but yet Thou art my Lord and my Father, merciful and gracious. I hope Thou hast been pleased to blot all my sins out of Thy remembrance and healed my soul that I may never sin against Thee. O just and dear God, how oft have I confessed my sins and prayed against them? O let it be so no more for Thy only son Jesus Christ’s sake; let me never return to the folly of which I am ashamed, which brings sorrow and death, and Thy displeasure, which is worse than death, but give me a command over my evil inclinations and a perfect hatred of sin, and a love to Thee above all the desires of the world; and be pleased to bless and preserve me this night from all sin,

¹ This paragraph, ending with the words “against Thee,” was interpolated, presumably by Monmouth.

and all violence of chance and the malice of the spirits of darkness ; watch over me in my sleep, O Lord, that whether I sleep or wake I may be Thy servant. Be Thou first and last in all my thoughts, and the guide and continual assistance in all my actions ; preserve my body, Great God, and above all pardon the sins of my soul and sanctify my spirit that I may always live justly and soberly, and when I die receive my soul into Thy hands, that I may lie in Thy bosom and long for Thy coming, and hear the blessed sentence of doomsday, and behold Thy face and live in Thy kingdom, singing praises to God for ever and ever, Amen."

Poor sinful Monmouth, with his charm and his loveliness, and his incredible stupidity ! We know now that his religion, scoffed at by the writers of his day, was no empty form to him. It was difficult work (when is it not ?) practising what one preached in the Stuart era. The clever man usually became a knave, the fool the tool of a knave, the gifted and good "retired to their roses at Sheen" rather early in the day, a great deal too early for the proper exercise of their talents, and not early enough for their peace of mind !

Later on, when we write of the profession of his beliefs which Monmouth made at his execution, we will try to show how firm, if erroneous according to our ideas, those beliefs were. Influenced by others all his life, at the end no one could shake Monmouth. And a man whose faith is only for outward show does not copy—with laborious care—twenty-nine pages of prayers in a private notebook. These were not written “for posterity.” A cynical comment that he fell constantly into the sins against which he most fervently prayed may be answered by reversing it, we think. He certainly pleaded always for strength to fight his realised weaknesses. But on July 8, 1685, in the pocket of that “brown peasant’s coat,” beneath the fern and brambles of the ditch where he crouched, there lay against his heart for the last time this little book, and in it, among those twenty-nine pages of prayers, the passage : “Mercy, mercy, good Lord ! I ask not of Thee any longer the things of this world ; neither powers, nor honours, nor riches, nor pleasures. No, my God, dispose of them to whom thou pleasest, so that Thou givest me mercy.”

IV

A HUMAN DOCUMENT: MONMOUTH'S POCKET-BOOK

PART II

“Look in thy heart, and write!”—SIDNEY.

FEW public men have been more upbraided for their religion than Monmouth, his father Charles, and his uncle James. No one could bring himself to believe that Monmouth's profession of the Reformed Faith was anything more than the trump card he sought to play against the Roman Catholicism of the Duke of York, which so terrified England before his accession, and for the sake of which he lost England after four years' reign, when Monmouth was in his grave. James was absolutely sincere, and history (since, after all, he failed in his way as completely as did his nephew !) has unjustly denied him respect in that matter. Charles, *bouc émissaire* of his times, and of his times' sins—black goat among a great many sheep

nearly as black—has been as deeply reviled for being a secret member of the Church of Rome while outwardly Defender of his people's faith. To those of us who believe a man's religion should be entirely his own business, the question of outward profession is hedged about with dangerous difficulties. How much more so for a king ! Shipwreck would have ensued upon a declaration of the Romish faith on Charles's part—shipwreck, let us bear in mind, not only of the restored Stuarts, but of England herself. For—the Stuarts sent once more on their travels early in the sixties—what would have become of England ? There were no more Cromwells ; they were done with ! There was no William of Orange, nor even Monmouth ; they were children still. So Charles—and let us *for once* look upon the subject from his point of view—sat still upon his throne. A modern novelist has paraphrased a speech of his which we find it hard to forget when thinking of this execrated king and the vexed question of his private and public religion. “‘I sit here, it is my work to sit here ! My brother has a conscience, how long would he sit here ?



MONMOUTH MEDAL
British Museum



MONMOUTH'S SEAL



James' (Monmouth) 'is a fool, how long would he sit here? They laugh at me or snarl at me, but here I sit, by God's grace or the Devil's help. My gospel is to sit here.' . . . As all men know, he carried out his gospel, by God's grace or the Devil's help, I know not, but there he sat." ¹

Monmouth was a Protestant, publicly and privately! It is all "straight going" with his belief. The little-known Buccleuch MS., "Account of the actions and behaviour of the Duke of Monmouth from the time he was taken to his execution," a contemporary manuscript by an unknown hand, signed I. F., preserved in the Muniment Room at Dalkeith House, testifies to it, and his pocket-book's prayers settle the question once and for all. The Account quaintly sets forth in Monmouth's statement to the bishops in the Tower his asseveration that "if at anie tyme, through inadvertencie or sudenlie of passione ane oath proceeded from him, he seldom faillzied of retyring himself and beging God pardone for it." As with his being a drunkard, and this,

¹ *Simon Dale*, by Anthony Hope.

we have already remarked, is nowhere stated authoritatively in history, so it was on very rare occasions—we believe on two only, and have been at some pains to verify it—that mention is made of Monmouth's swearing ! Such a man as Fighting Dick Talbot, Duke of Tyrconnel, never opened his mouth but to blaspheme, and the same may be said of many of his contemporaries. How hardly we judge them, these men, the comments on whose frailties are collected to form volumes of seventeenth-century scandals to-day !—and how difficult it must have been to be clean of life in those wild times, a difficulty we cannot properly focus now. And, as has been said, and shall be said again, even a profession of faith in high places often proved itself dangerous. This was truly the case with those members of this doomed race who flung their creed in the world's teeth. Perhaps the most genuinely religious of the Stuarts were Charles I, his son James II, and his grandson Monmouth. And they paid the price to the uttermost farthing.

In addition to this unsuspected side of the Duke's character comes another almost as sur-

prising. No one can claim for him that he was a poet or a musical composer ! But the flibbertigibbet of the Court of Charles II at least tried his 'prentice hand upon these arts. The verse of that age can hardly be handled with the gloves off, or, as we might put it, be read without a mask. Gems of poesy sparkle, like the jewel on the dung-heap, in the literature of those times, and wit and obscenity, to quote a comparatively tame lampoon, "at once both stink and shine !" The modern novelist, who had not read Monmouth's poems, would select for us something far more in keeping with his notion of what emanated from that profligate pen. The three pieces which follow were addressed to the one love of his life, Henrietta Lady Wentworth, and bear unmistakable evidence of being his own work. Their purity of tone needs no comment, though "they are sorry things, a lord made them !" (We have studied all the other poems contained in the volume, and cannot conscientiously say that we have unearthed any proof of their ownership.) The songs are given here in full, with reproductions of their "one-finger" settings !—

which we will at once confess baffled our efforts to copy out legibly without the editing we are so anxious to avoid.

(1)

“ With joy we do leave thee,
False world, and do forgive
All thy base treachery,
For now we'll happy live !
We'll to our bowers
And there spend our hours.
Happy there we will be,
We no strifes there can see ;
No quarrelling for crowns,
Nor fear the great ones' frowns,
No slavery of State,
Nor changes in our fate,
From plots this place is free.
There we'll ever be !
We'll sit and bless our stars,
That from the noise of wars,
Did this glorious place give,
That thus we happy live.”

(In the margin there is the alternative line :
“ Or did us Toddington give ”—the name of
Lady Wentworth's place in Bedfordshire, where
he was concealed for five months after the Rye
House Plot.)

50

And thou war! Come then!

All ye Gods that are a-bow

(2)

“O, how blest and how innocent
And happy is a country life !
Free from tumult and discontent,
Here is no flattery nor strife.
For 'twas the first and happiest life
When first man did enjoy himself.

This is a better fate than kings',
Hence gentle peace and love doth flow,
For fancy is the rate of things,
I am pleased because I think it so ;
For a heart that is nobly true
All the world's arts can ne'er subdue !”

This is not set, and the doggerel would indeed have been difficult to sing ! Mr. Allan Fea (and to his book, *King Monmouth*, we are indebted for invaluable assistance in dealing with the pocket-book) points out that these two poems were evidently composed during the few weeks' retirement at Gouda¹—probably the only quiet time Monmouth ever knew !—previous to his sailing for England in the *Helderenburg*.

Alas ! that they should give proof of the fact that, in hunting parlance, he “had not thrown his heart over first” when he took that fatal

¹ Pronounced Hooda, a tiny town, *sound* asleep, with a magnificent church.—MARJORIE BOWEN.

leap ! This was a man of common-sense when his rash advisers would leave him alone—Monmouth, acting as a brake to Shaftesbury's wildest flights in the past, knew perfectly well that the times were not ripe, nor were the Whigs ready (when were they ever ready for the Stuarts?), but he was hurried into his invasion because, as he chivalrously said, how could he hang back when Argyle and his English followers in exile were waiting for him?

In writing on this subject we realise that trivial mention of the greatest act of his life, the Rebellion, seems wholly inadequate ; but a due considering of the matter convinces us that to deal in a satisfactory manner with the Invasion of England of 1685 is impossible in a work of this nature. It has been achieved by many writers whose hobby is research in that particular branch of history, and Monmouth's Rebellion, with all its details (and, included, the details of Judge Jeffreys' Bloody Assize), would fill a big book on its own account, and is familiar reading to a public which knows less of that portion of the life of the " Unfortunate



MONMOUTH DELFT DISH
Wells Museum



Duke" with which we have concerned ourselves here. In fine, it has been done already, and often, and, moreover, done so well that we content ourselves with this small explanation-apology.

The dismay with which this ill-starred venture was hailed in England is set forth in Ailesbury's pages. His love for his friend was put to a severe test—love for the comrade of his youth, for the son of his beloved dead King, but not for a claimant of the throne of James II. The note of distress with which he spoke of the invasion rings afresh from the lines he wrote nearly a lifetime after. The bitter choice between love and loyalty had to be made, but from active steps taken against Monmouth for the sake of his uncle, Ailesbury literally fled!—and succeeded in evading the duty of carrying the bill for his attainder up to the House of Lords. In these Memoirs the pen of an unready writer never fails to set down clearly, no matter how awkwardly, the simple but strong emotions of a friend, a lover, a loyal subject and courtier, racked by conflicting calls made upon them by the most difficult life of that day. We wonder if we should have seen more plainly into the

heart of Thomas Bruce had those Memoirs been a diary. We doubt it much.

Returning to the work of another halting pen, we now give the last of the poems, wherein is enshrined, for all its faults, the whole of Monmouth's heart. There we may see how he himself looked upon his tragic love story. The declaration that he made to the four bishops in the Tower on the morning of his death (to be dealt with in another place) bears out to the very letter the sentiments expressed in these verses. The flibbertigibbet was genuine. Right down to the bottom of this strangely unstable character ran a streak of pure gold; he was true to his love and to his belief founded on that love, and he took love and belief unfaltering and unchanged up the steps of the scaffold, and out into the darkness—or the light—beyond.

(3)

“ All ye gods that are above,
 Why so cruel to such love ?
 O how often have you seen,
 When on our knees we have been
 To the offering sacrifice,
 Pure as virtue could devise,
 Thus our hearts have ever been !

Let not then unlucky Fate
Make us still unfortunate ;
Malice can't, with all her arts,
Part our two united hearts.
Being so long we have despised
All that envy has devised,
O ! then let us never part !

Let, O ! let these glories bless,
Let us now know quietness.
Never from each other be ;
That (——) young Love may see
The perfection of his darts,
In the joining of two such hearts,
Which the world before ne'er see !”

(The above parenthesis denotes a word obliterated by damp.)

In his correspondence he was so fond of beginning a sentence with “Being—” ! and we admit that at the deplorable last line we recognised instinctively the Monmouth touch.

But, laugh as we must, there is no mirth for us in the cry of the whole poem for peace, “Let us now know quietness,” in the prayerfulness, in the hopefully hopeless struggle against the malignity of the gods. Yet those gods were kind, and let him die young—kinder than they knew ! It was something to have saved him

from the Old Age of the Stuarts, the race that never wore well.

Not for James Scott life-long banishment and the slow descent into the pit of that other James who defeated and slew him ; the unconscionable time a-living as well as a-dying of the uncrowned third James ; the outer darkness after the Forty-five for Charles Edward, rightful Prince of Wales, yet no more a prince *de facto* than Monmouth himself.

So we say, and we say it with thankfulness, that we are glad Monmouth died when he did.

He has left behind him this little book, wherein, despite all confessions of vanity of body and soul, we catch glimpses of that "Alter Ego which dwells alongside all of us, and may be virtuous or very much the reverse. But the point is that he is always greater than ourselves, for he has been a King." ¹

¹ *Kings of Orion*, by John Buchan.

THE WOMAN WHO WOULD BE
QUEEN: ANNA DUCHESS OF
MONMOUTH

MONMOUTH'S SON

"An assembly of people proclaimed the Earl of Dalkeith king at the Cross at Sanguhar."—Buccleuch MS.

My father was son of the King.

The Stuarts gave my father a name, and they took it away ;
Riches, honour, and great possessions, and took them away ;
The Stuarts gave my father *life* . . . and they took it away.

"Uphold the Reformed Religion, but to Rimmon bow you
down !

The English love your smile, but they will obey a frown.
You that are son of the King, let another wear his crown."

I am son of the King.

I am King like the King my father, my people say !
But never Monmouth, the name that the Stuarts took away ;
I am thrall to my mother, I do not rule,—I obey.

I am my mother's son,—*he* came of a different race,
I am Scot of the Scotts, but his was the alien grace,
The laughter, the life, the colour, the glow in the vivid face !

I am Scot of the Scotts.

These are my native hills, grey-cold 'neath a colder sky,
Where the north wind howls in the pines, and the peewits wail
as they fly ;

I have naught of the south—of France—and of Italy !

Mine are the granite boulders, the fern and the purple ling,
The Stuarts may strive for the Stuarts' crown, I will not do
this thing ;

The King is over the water—his son is son of the King.

*The Stuarts gave my father a name, and they took it away ;
Riches, honour, and great possessions, and took them away ;
The Stuarts gave my father life, and they took it away.*



V

THE WOMAN WHO WOULD BE QUEEN : ANNA DUCHESS OF MONMOUTH

PART I

"All the world are for themselves, so I am for me."—The Duchess to Lord Cromartie (*circa* 1712).

"They who do not believe anything to be reasonably designed unless it be successfully executed have need of a less difficult game to play than mine."—Charles II.

THIS life story may be headed by two quotations, one from the Duchess of Monmouth's own pen—for all her education, wit, and craft, a valiant, ungrammatical, ill-spelling pen!—and one from that of her father-in-law, the better-educated, wittier, craftier King Charles.

Here was a woman with a game to play. So well did she play it that, even though the game was lost, none of her contemporaries guessed its existence. It remains for the modern chronicler, collecting all possible information concerning this wife of the most unfortunate of Charles II's

sons, to “add up all the evidence, and (in the classic phrase) reduce the answer to shillings and pence” ! Anna Monmouth’s shillings and pence were represented by the Crown Matrimonial of England ; she intended to be Queen Consort, and if her husband had been a strong man in love with her it is very possible she would have had her way.

Throughout the long life of this strangely interesting, strangely repellent, lady it is instructive to observe the goals at which she aimed, and still more instructive to note her methods of procedure. In her youth she was more subtle than in her old age ; but during the first part of her existence she was playing for a high stake ; in her declining years—not that she “declined” !—she was merely bent on having her own way, a result necessitating less underground strategy.

Her father, Francis Scott, second Earl of Buccleuch, died young, of consumption. From his marriage with Lady Margaret Leslie there were born three little girls, and a son who did not survive babyhood, and of these daughters two died far younger than did their father, of



The Dutchess of Monmouth
G. Kneller Pinxit J. Vander Waert fecit R. Thompson excudit

ANNA, DUCHESS OF MONMOUTH

the same disease. The story of Marie Countess of Buccleuch in her own right, who only lived to be thirteen, is a beautiful little romance in itself, and will be dealt with later on.

There remained in 1661 only Anna, aged ten, now her sister's successor, one of the greatest heiresses in the United Kingdom; with an ambitious mother, a sovereign but newly come into his own—and but lately entered into exclusive possession of a son in all ways desirable, albeit illegitimate (“the handsomest and hope-fullest young gentleman I know,” wrote Sir James Mercer of Meiklelour to Sir Thomas Steuart of Grandtully). The play was cast and staged.

Anna Scott's mother, by that time Lady Wemyss, received a letter from Charles in the June of 1661, in which he says: “I am very sensible of the affection which you shew me in the offer you make concerning the Countess of Buccleuch, which I do accept willingly.” We wish that “offer” had been preserved. The delighted reply to His Majesty's acceptance addressed him as “*Dried Souerain*”! In June '62 the “lively, tall young lady of her age” was

brought to London by her mother, and in July Henrietta Maria came to England with James Crofts, as he was then called. In April '63 the girl of twelve and the boy of fourteen were married "in the King's Chamber at Whitehall." It sounds extremely simple! The Royal Arms appeared with a "bâton sinister argent, over all an inescutcheon of the Arms of Buccleuch with the crest and supporters." The children were made Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth — since we are writing of this Scottish duchess we must give her title precedence, as was done in the North at that day.

Thus was launched into the gay world this little daughter of "the rugged Scotts." We never discover exactly what she thought of it. Some of her early letters are preserved, especially those to her stepfather, Lord Wemyss, with whom she was on terms of affectionate friendship until his death, and a mass of her general correspondence concerning her later life, but there is not a single letter now existent of those she wrote to her husband, nor of his to her, and of those she wrote at the most tragic period of her existence, and his, never a line remains.

Of her six children by him not one survived her, only two lived to grow up, her second and third sons, and she was succeeded in the dukedom of Buccleuch (the English titles being attainted at her husband's execution) by her grandson Francis as second duke. "God bliss Francis and give him sones—and no daughters!"

Three years after Monmouth's death she married Lord Cornwallis. According to Luttrell, in August 1703, her second husband having died in '93, she was privately married to the Earl of Selkirk, though at his death he was described as a bachelor. Her husbands were incidents merely. She survived Monmouth for nearly fifty years!—we hear of her playing cards at Court to the last, "still full of the fire of youth," and at the end of all things, at bowls with her grandchildren. Such is the skeleton of the Duchess of Monmouth's story.

"There is verie feue popall I can love much." Whom did she love? We read the history of her long life, we perceive her many and great difficulties, we sympathise with her griefs—when she allows us to do so—we marvel that never a breath of scandal dimmed the lustre of

that brilliant, cold, clear-cut name. She was a notable woman! There was a strain of Northern granite in her nature, the magnificent Lowland driving-power, vitality, spirit, arrogance. She went so far that we marvel she went no further; but what did she do with her heart? Like Sarah Marlborough in a way, without her railing tongue, without her headlong, domineering temper, she never loved as Sarah did — and she was never loved thus! “Wisest and craftiest of her sex” she may have been, but “it takes a very clever woman to manage a fool,” and either Monmouth was not the fool history thinks him, or she was not quite clever enough. And she never could make him love her—though he did try! Did she love him? We wonder. There is no evidence to show. About this daughter of the North there is something awe-inspiring, something chilling, in the singleness, the *self-completeness* of her character. Anna Monmouth needed no complement, never sought the twin soul, the other half of the double kernel, though she was married twice, possibly thrice, and had many children, all bearing her name of Scott, no

matter by which husband!—so characteristic this, somehow.

We think of the trinket she sent in her childish first-married days to the stepfather for whom she had a sincere affection—yes, she had affections!—for Charles II, who was an excellent father-in-law to her; for the Lady Mary; for the Duchess of Buckingham, another ill-matched wife; for that little early dead half-brother, “my brother Elho”; but affections are not loves, nor Love, and the locket (“it is worth litel, bot it is rar, the King wears the folow of it—it is ane flint stone”) is typical of her gifts, and sets us wondering if a flint stone were not all Anna Monmouth ever had to give anybody.

If that were the case, we pity her, as we have not dared to do before.

.

She meant Monmouth to be king. She realised, since Charles played a strange Justice with his brother and his son, one in each of the scales, that the wisest course was to keep on good terms with everybody. She was most affectionately treated by “Justice”! She was

so much in favour with the Duke of York, her uncle-in-law, that she got as near to occasioning gossip with him as ever she did with anyone ! She was peremptorily forbidden by her husband, with whom he was at daggers drawn, to receive him again, to the almost pathetic astonishment of that much-tried Uncle James. How he sought sympathy from Monmouth's enemy, Lord Mulgrave, and did not get it (and was still more dreadfully surprised !) we have all heard ; but what the Duchess of Monmouth said or did we shall never know. Nothing, probably. She seems to have managed her husband with a certain passivity—if it can be called managing. At the last terrible interview with him before his death she showed much emotion, at the final farewell she wept and fainted, but . . . she was careful to explain first how little of her income she had received during the previous four or five years, careful to ask him if she had ever been “uneasie to him in anything but two, one as to his women, and the other for his disobedience to the late king.”

With reference to the first “uneasiness,” we see that at least, as Mme. d'Aulnoy tells us, she



JAMES, DUKE OF YORK
Gorhambury

was woman enough to be jealous. But we think that none of her husband's amours really touched her (or him) until it became plain that he had found his true mate in Lady Wentworth. Then, it seems, she gave up the struggle—gave him up, gave up her hopes and her ambitions for him and for herself, all her Royal dreams. They can dream, these cold women.

“If the Duchess of Monmouth has sincerity, she has no power.” What did she do with her learning, her taste, her tact? A patron of Dryden she was, and in her old age Gay was her secretary, but we hear little else of her in connection with the world of letters.

Among artists, Lely painted her, unkindly, as we think—she was no fair lady of Lely's!—Kneller attractively, Wissing insipidly.

In politics she played a waiting game, but she could get none to wait with her. James her uncle waited, but on the other side! She could influence Monmouth for twenty-four hours, they tell us, no longer. She pulled strings for his advancement, which it would appear she afterwards regretted doing. She was

something of a hedger, this crafty lady ; but that is the part of the player of the waiting game.

People seem to have been a little afraid of her—and not *quite* to have known why ! We suspect she held her tongue, and to a chattering age there was something terrifying in that. But the more we think it out, the more we surmise that this duchess was considered clever by contrast, the great world (a properly bad judge of brains at that date) was so sure that her husband was a blockhead, and that she was the reverse of him in every way. We have no wish to belittle her capacity, but we ask again, What did she *do* ? Monmouth is judged by results, pitilessly, and his wife has to share that form of judgment. But with it all we must never forget that she was the comparatively plain wife of the handsomest man of his day. That handicapped both of them. She made no impression upon the life of Whitehall. Had she been one of the beauties of Charles's Court—? But such a speculation is idle.

Idly, for one moment, however, we pause—and do speculate.

.

“The Duchess of Monmouth has gone into France, sick and discontented. They would make bad laws for wives, these conspirators,” wrote that far-sighted cat Saccharissa, Dorothy Sidney, sister of Conspirator Algernon, mother of the Sunderland who sold three successive kings—and Monmouth. (Her son-in-law Halifax, to whom she wrote, tried to “run” Monmouth a little later, and found it hard work, as did many others.) This was in July 1680.

Narcissus Luttrell also wrote in August that she “went for France,” and on May 29, 1682, he says, “Her Grace the Duchess of Monmouth is returned from France, where she had been for some considerable time past.”

Nearly two years! Anna herself wrote (to Lord Melville, her kinsman and manager of affairs) from Paris, January '81, “If it please God I goe to England in good health I will bear all my other misfortunes much the better; but I have been very ill of late. If I die, be kind to my children.” (Elsewhere “your three little friends.”) But she was not to die for another fifty-four years.

There were “other misfortunes to bear,” even

after all hope was given up, hope that died hard.

One of her rare letters of this period remains to us, presumably written to the Duchess of Buckingham, referring to the death of her daughter Anne in the Tower, a month after Monmouth's execution—tragedy upon tragedy. Her husband had done his best to ensure the safety of his three children in the event of his Rebellion failing, but Anna would not allow of them being removed beyond James II's reach, consequently the two boys and the girl were imprisoned directly he was defeated, and the little daughter was only set free by death, the sons not being liberated till the following November. Again she bore no resentment against the King!—perhaps she blamed him less than herself.

“There is verie feue popall I can love much. . . . I believe death and absence never was mor cruall to anie then me. I do absolutly despair of ever being content, as I have bine with you, for it is not imagenable what satisfaction I had to go with you to see my pooir child. But I will not say mor of what is past for ever.”



JAMES, EARL OF DALKEITH



Then that past was put behind her, along with England where she had lived since her childhood. She went back to her native land with her "Scots hart that would never chang," to her old Castle of Dalkeith ; she practically rebuilt it, she turned it into a "palace," and dwelt there in great state, being served on the knee in regal style. Lady Margaret Montgomerie, being a cousin, and therefore privileged, was allowed to be seated at table during meals ; all the other guests had to stand ! At this period she styled herself "mighty princess."

So lived and died royally this king's daughter-in-law.

But upon her coffin plate the inscription is merely as follows : "Ann Scott" (she signed her name Anna), "Duchess of Buccleuch, Countess of Dalkeith, Baroness Scott of Whitchester, Eskdale, and Tindale ; Died Feby. ye 6, 173 $\frac{1}{2}$, aged 82 years." And there is no mention of the husband of her youth, from whom came all the reflected Stuart glamour, all the pomp and circumstance of "Royal Anne."

VI

THE WOMAN WHO WOULD BE QUEEN: ANNA DUCHESS OF MONMOUTH

PART II

“So the way that she took was the longest, coldest, loneliest way of all—her own way.”—M. N.

THE Duchess of Monmouth was a most interesting letter writer; her wit plainly discernible, if not the superior education she is supposed to have received—and one wonders when. The spelling is worse than her husband’s—if such a thing be possible! She wrote to Lord Royston of a person being “of such a turblant spritt,” and described “the Lords” as “the wholl Hows of Pears,” which last has a saponaceous flavour. A duchess from her thirteenth year, she wrote of her husband as “the duek.” Wife to one James and mother of another, she spelt the name “Jeams.” That of her grandson “Franscis”¹ also had pitfalls for her, as we have seen.

¹ From whom, of course, the present Duke of Buccleuch is directly descended.

Her friendship with James II, her husband's uncle and slayer, was never broken, seemingly. There is an unconfirmed report that he breakfasted with her on the morning of the execution, but this is too much for us! Certainly "His Majesty was exceedingly satisfied with her conduct and deportment all along," and "the world celebrated her prudence." Did she intercede with the King for her duke? We hear nothing of it. She wrote of James in a letter to Lord Cromartie in 1687: "Verie kindly (His Majesty) spok to me, which I do valow verie much, and, indeed, he has ever shown me much favor, in whatever concerns me."

In 1687!—he made her a widow in 1685. Oh! (if we may indulge in one more vain speculation) was not this the wife for the older James rather than the younger? Could she not have managed *him* better; could she not have steered that "turblant spritt" past the rocks on which the Three Crowns were wrecked only a year after he "spok" to her so kindly? Did not Royal Anne miss more than one Crown Matrimonial?—a crown which, it is only fair

to her to say, she would have worn very well indeed !

Yet she could hate, and unchangeably. She quarrelled in 1702 with her kinsman and friend of a lifetime's standing, George Lord Melville, a man to whom we are much attracted through his correspondence with her, a plain, hard-featured, hard-headed Scotsman, of a type we know well and love better, about whose long, thoughtful face the effeminately curling peruke falls with an air of extreme unsuitability. Lord Melville in after life was to realise what it meant to offend "A.B.C." (Anna Buccleuch and Cornwallis) : "I cannot brag of being very well yet, but I will do what I can to be so, to lay about me amongst my enemies." This sentence recalls to the irreverent mind Punch and his staff in the puppet-show—does it not ? We feel sure the blows were sound and sounding ; we can almost see the dust fly.

To Lord Cromartie a little later : "I wish Leven and his father (Melville) better health and more honesty." They appear bruised. It was to these men she had written : "I dare say we shall never fall out, at least it will be



MONMOUTH AVENUE, DALKEITH

your fault if we do." Very woman !—perhaps it *was* their fault.

In 1700 an enormous quantity of Buccleuch correspondence was destroyed by fire, and much more than correspondence would have perished if it had not been for Lord Melville, who suffered for his bravery to the extent of a practically useless right arm for some years. We might have come nearer the Duchess's joys and sorrows, loves and hates, if those lost letters had been preserved.

Here and there rumours survive, one being the statement that the avenue of trees at Dalkeith cut down to the height of a tall man was done by her orders after the beheading ; Monmouth, we gather, was about the stature of the Duke of York, slightly shorter than Charles's "over two yards." Somehow or other, this picturesque incident does not suggest the unsentimental Anna we know.

There is also an idea that the "Master of the Horse" portrait of her husband was her favourite presentment of him, a picture we confess to detesting cordially, as something of a caricature, and an ill-tempered

one at that!—and Monmouth was never ill-tempered.

These matters are trifling after all, but what did she think of the question of her husband's birth? (Again a rumour—it crosses the mind as we write that Charles was supposed to have made some vague glorious statement, to “have held out some hopes,” to Lady Wemyss on the subject at the time of the Monmouth wedding.¹) It is not the possible marriage between the King and the Duke's mother that concerns us for the moment, but we marvel what the Duchess thought of the statement (by none more emphatically voiced than by her friend the Duke of York!) that Monmouth was the son of Robert Sidney, one of the many children of the Earl of Leicester. A beautiful Lely portrait at Althorp has been triumphantly brought into play to prove this supposition. Mr. Allan Fea, whose Monmouth researches cannot be overvalued by the student who treads after him (feeling like King Wenceslas's page), speaks of the great likeness between the handsome Duke and this young soldier “of

¹ Ferguson.

the time of the Protectorate," but dates are stern things, and though the suggestion that it represents Monmouth himself in a fair peruke for once (as Mary Beale was wont to paint him) must merely be mentioned in its place, that charming boy in his later teens or earliest twenties is not Colonel Robert,¹ whoever else it may be! The Sidneys were a long family, indeed. Saccharissa writes of this much younger brother as "little Robin," while Henry, afterwards Lord Romney, was born almost at the same time as her too celebrated son Robert Lord Sunderland. Her brother Robert first served in Holland, and on our declaring war against the Dutch he returned to England and the Court in 1665, and died in 1668 (buried on August 12). But the portrait is twenty years too late, and, as we say, would fit the supposed son better than the possible father. Robert was presumably born in 1626, and at any rate baptized on August 19 of that year² (he may have been older); Monmouth was born in 1649. Mr. Collins-Baker dates this

¹ We have read a description of Robert's looks, in which he is given a crooked nose, thin lips, and an underhanging jaw.

² Penshurst Parish Register.

Lely "*circa* 1668," when he was well over forty, and, anyhow, the picture was painted *after* 1663, as it shows an unmistakable peruke, which did not come in till that date; the King and the Duke of York did not adopt it till 1664, *vide* Pepys. If by any possibility this delightful portrait of a youth of nineteen or twenty could represent a man old enough to be his father, it was probably painted between Colonel Sidney's return in 1665 and his death in 1668. But, as we have shown, *this* proof of Monmouth's paternity must be set aside,¹ and the group at Penshurst of Robert and his two elder brothers proves how unlike him Monmouth was.

The question of Monmouth's Sidney extraction has interested us deeply—we may speculate if the Duchess ever pondered whether or no the signs of an hereditary "unsoundness" politically constituted an unfortunate likeness—but the King's son in opposition to his father is a ready-made Whig, however much the reverse his personal tendencies may be. We

¹ Paternity apart, Robert Sidney was Lucy Walter's kinsman, "fourth and fifth cousins a dozen times over!"—G. D. G.



ROBERT SIDNEY WITH HIS ELDER BROTHERS
Penshurst

have never thought Monmouth in sympathy, in his heart, with the views of the party which he was practically obliged by circumstances to lead.

There is no doubt whatever about the views of Anna, his duchess. Reading between the lines we see that it was politics which really caused the final separation between man and wife. Thus she was true to the Buccleuch Royalist traditions, but let us never forget that neither was there any doubt whatever about Anna's birth. The shadow of the bâton sinister falls on more than the arms of England ; of all Royal bastards this king's son is most to be pitied, and with pity, to be excused.

We see how she watched him kicking down the ladder by which he had climbed, we guess that she knew him too weak to climb another of his own erection, we believe that she considered his father's favour the most valuable asset he possessed, and we may glance for a moment at the fair vista of hopes behind that favour, and realise with what a sinking heart she must have seen the slow but inevitable extinction. But into that heart we are never

allowed to look, and she guarded her secrets as closely as did Charles. When all was over, she said no word. She could hold her tongue, and she did so. "I will not say anie mor of what is past for ever." Of what use was speech? All was over indeed.

From the point of view of loyalty to the Crown, it is not so very difficult to see where the Duchess of Monmouth's ambitions—if not her heart—led her in early life; but it would, indeed, be interesting if we could find out where her heart really was, later on, when the visions of her own queenship had vanished for ever, and it was a question of loyalty to others on the throne, to the occupier or the ex-occupier thereof. We know what she felt towards James II, in spite of everything, *up to the time of his abdication*. But that short reign once brought to its dramatic conclusion, there were William and Mary in James's place; William, once Monmouth's friend and a Whig like him, but the enemy and ouster of his father-in-law James—Mary, Anna's friend, once James's daughter, and, we may say, daughter no longer, but exclusively wife of "Willie the

Wag." Anna writes of Mary as "the incomparable Queen" (the popular phrase) after her death, but we do not think any expression of her feelings for William has been handed down ; we never hear of another word from her in connection with her exiled uncle. As we all know, "Leslie's foot and Leven's troopers" fought against James for William at Killiecrankie, and Lord Melville, her kinsman, friend, and adviser, rose to eminence in the latter's reign ; in William's time Dalkeith, her son, "served in the army in Flanders, but on the accession of Queen Anne he returned from abroad."

The truth is that never was anybody in a more difficult position than a Monmouthite—but was Anna that? We give it up. We do not want to suggest that she was a Vicar of Bray, but she was friendly with every sovereign in turn. Queen Anne paid up arrears of £14,000 to her in a lump sum, which was noble of Anne, and betokens good terms between them, at least.¹ "The Queen has

¹ Not everyone remembers that the Duchess was Queen Anne's godmother.

been verie kind to me, for it is not often that fourteen thousand pounds are all payed at one time." To the end of her life she "kept in" with the Court, as can be gathered from the diary of Lady Cowper, Lady of the Bedchamber to Caroline of Anspach. On March 10, 1716, she supped with the Princess, the Duchess was there, and she regaled the company with reminiscences of the Court of Charles II. She seems to have made herself very agreeable, for Lady Cowper adds that she "used often to be there, the Princess loved her mightily, and certainly no woman of her years ever deserved it so well."

Did she suit the eighteenth century better than the seventeenth? There is always, to our way of thinking, a shrewd, coldly striking cynicism about that period, which reminds us at times of one aspect of Anna, a breath from the chilly Lowland hills that she may well have brought with her. It may be that this eighteenth-century atmosphere about the Duchess of Monmouth is what has prevented our ever feeling that she really belonged to Caroline days.

ANNA DUCHESS OF MONMOUTH 93

It is fairly obvious that she did not meddle with politics in any direction. She played her old waiting game, with nothing to achieve but the preservation of her family's peace and prosperity, and who shall say that she could have done better? She thanks God in one of her letters that she has not disgraced that family. Every now and then she thanks God for something—in a letter at all events—not always prayerfully. We remember once hearing of her at church, in the same pew as John Evelyn, looking wretched. Beyond such casual glimpses of her religious life, it is hidden as completely as was her heart. There is nothing to show that to her, a good woman, God was the reality that He undoubtedly became to her wicked Monmouth—upon which reflection the modern historian may be thankful that there is no necessity to judge between them, and that it is better in every way to omit all comparison between this virtuous wife and Monmouth's erring mistress.

She does not seem even to have really loved society. We do not turn to her letters, as we

do to those of far more charming women than she ever was, for amusing bits of gossip or cruel scandal. In her old age she was indubitably head of her clan, and comported herself as such. She undoubtedly clashed with Harry Deloraine, but he "set up for himself" early in life, and in his turn became head of a separate family now extinct.

She seems to have thrown herself heart and soul into the affairs of her grandchildren. With neither of her boys she shows at her best somehow; over one she domineered, in the other she met her match, it would seem. She found her youngest (in many ways his father over again, and two such men in a lifetime must have been "gey ill to live with") a thorn in the flesh that rankled severely. We look at the chubby brown boy—Monmouth's own son—with his hand through her arm and his parrot on his finger, in Kneller's fine group, and resent, perhaps unreasonably, the bitterness of her allusions to "My Lord De Lorain."

"All I shall say is that I must defend myself as well as I can, and I do not think I shall want weapons." (More blows.) "I sopus he dos



THE DUCHESS OF MONMOUTH AND HER SONS, LATER THE EARLS OF
DALKEITH AND DELORAINE

this to give me opportunity of exercising a noball quaility called patience."

The lessons of her waiting youth were unlearnt by then. Whatever her previous practice in the "noball quaility," she had lost the art in middle age. James Dalkeith, her eldest son, Doncaster in his father's lifetime, was of a sweet and yielding disposition, and always remained good friends with the dominant mother, who stated that she was a man in her own family, and who, when it was proposed to her to transfer to her eldest son in fee her estates, reserving to herself only an inferior life-rent, declared: "I'll never light anybody downstairs in my own house, for fear I should repent of it. Whilst I keep my reason I will never lessen myself in my own family, but will keep my authority, and be the head of it while it pleases God to give me life." Dalkeith's opinion was not asked; in all probability it never occurred to her to consult him. Poor lovable, pleasant Dalkeith died when only thirty-one.

Well, such a woman should get her own way. There are others of us, even in this

more femininely self-willed age, who ask ourselves if it would be worth having at such a price.

We study her portraits—the shrewd, well-bred, plain, pale face, withal kindly; the beautiful long fair hair, the slender figure; we respect the Duchess Anna, we admire her individuality; we feel she would have given excellent advice, and have seen that we took it . . . and we turn with passionate Monmouth to other women, and forgive him much.

He had been given, not a wife, but “ane flint stane.”

DALKEITH HOUSE: THE DUCHESS
OF MONMOUTH'S MOTHER
AND SISTER

THE VISIONS SPLENDID

I

TWENTY YEARS OF COURT LIFE : WHITEHALL

I SEE you, in the great gay Court,
Flash through the gayest, still more gay,
From dance to dance, from sport to sport,
You go your glittering way.
The bright crowds part ;
I see your swift glance range, I hear
The slow sweet voice of Dryden's praise,
The light step fall—the laugh ring clear,
—Dear heart,
So went the splendid days.

II

SIX WEEKS OF LOVE : GOUDA

I see you in the twilight sit,
Your cheek against her hair, at peace ;
The mad world spins, but out of it,
You find the sure release !
Pleasure's fetters part ;
The thrall of great dreams crowned and throned,
The bondage of a kingdom's sway,
The sword, the sceptre, are disowned,
—Dear heart,
So went Love's sweet short day.

III

TWO CENTURIES OF SLEEP: ST. PETER AD VINCULA

I stand within this quiet place,
Where quieter you lie—and see
How from all bonds of Time and Space
The bright steel set you free,
From life apart,
From further fate of your fated line,
(Whose golden gods had feet of clay,)
From sin, from shame, from dreams divine,
—Dear heart,
So goes Death's quiet day.

I know your creed good men decried,
Your love the wise to-day condemn,
In love and in belief you died,
God sees the good in them!
Oh error deep and dear eyes blind,
But trust in God and Her!—(who says
That he the straiter road shall find ?)
—Dear heart,
So come the eternal days.

VII

DALKEITH HOUSE: THE DUCHESS OF MONMOUTH'S MOTHER AND SISTER

PART I

"People don't seem to matter in this country compared to the places they live in. The way she tells it, the house was a sort of Moloch!"—RUDYARD KIPLING.

SOME six miles out of Edinburgh stands Dalkeith.

Originally a fortalice of the family of Graham, it passed by marriage to the Douglas celebrated as the Flower of Chivalry, and in 1458 this Lord of Dalkeith was created Earl of Morton in reward for his faithful adherence to his king. The castle remained in the possession of the Douglasses till the middle of the seventeenth century, when the lordship of Dalkeith was purchased by Francis, second Earl of Buccleuch.

Previous to the latter half of the thirteenth century the history of the "Bold Buccleuchs" is shrouded in the golden mists of legend, but emerges into the open daylight of plain fact

(quite as picturesque !) with Richard Scott, first Lord of Rankilburn and Buccleuch. Sir Walter Scott, their illustrious descendant, states that the first of them all, the father of this Richard, Uchtred Filius Scott, as many documents have it, was of Gallowegian origin, and flourished in the twelfth century and the reign of David I. Such, in a few words, were the beginnings of this great family and their entering into possession of the splendid old mansion.

It was a castle in those days. The Duchess of Buccleuch, once Anna Monmouth, "restored" it out of recognition and called it a palace.¹ It is Dalkeith House to-day, and has abated no jot or tittle of its past dignities, but is rather the gainer.

Francis, Anna's father, succeeded to the earldom when scarcely seven years old. He was born on the 21st of December 1626, and the contract of his marriage is dated twenty years later, July 25, 1646. His wife—history is silent as to the date of her birth—was Lady

¹ It was refaced in imitation of Het Loo.



FRANCIS, EARL OF BUCCLEUCH

Margaret Leslie, daughter of John, sixth Lord Rothes, and widow of Alexander Lord Balgonie, eldest son of the first Earl of Leven. These two had an only son, Walter Lord Scott, who died in infancy to their intense grief, and three daughters, Marie, Margaret, and Anna.

Lord Buccleuch died somewhat suddenly at twenty-five, Marie succeeded to the title at an even earlier age than her father had done, and Lady Buccleuch found herself for the second time a widow.

David Earl of Wemyss, for the second time a widower, proposed to her two months after the death of his wife, and received her answer in the affirmative, written on the black-edged, black-sealed paper denoting her mourning for Earl Francis.

In those days there was no time for sentiment, only for action. This woman was to lose three husbands, two sons (Walter Lord Scott by Lord Buccleuch, and David Lord Elcho by Lord Wemyss), and her daughters Marie and Margaret. The little girl Margaret died when barely two, but Marie, born in 1647, lived to be thirteen and a half, having been married for

•

two years. Death could hurry forward as well as Life and its affairs. It is a very short story, and a very sweet one, and, in the end, sad in a way which makes the blood boil. The broad lands of Dalkeith played Moloch, and not for the last time.

The children of Lord Tweeddale, brother-in-law of Earl Francis, being next heirs of tailzie to the estates and honours of Buccleuch, this is hardly the place in which to be surprised that that astute gentleman contemplated a marriage between the little Countess and one of his own sons, and he had been much disappointed at not being included in the lengthy list of her tutors. He set to work to pull the strings without delay.

But if it was a case of "pull devil, pull baker," Margaret Wemyss could pull the harder and to more purpose. She threw herself straightway on Cromwell's mercy, petitioning him for the custody of her daughters, alleging that "a strong endeavour hath beene made by the Earl of Tweeddale to remove them forthwith from her for the future for certain endes of his owne" (it sounds like the Wicked Uncle and the Babes

in the Wood), and stating further that “your petitioner doth humbly conceive that none on earth can be so carefull to bring them upp in the feare of the Lord and in all vertue than your petitioner. . . . Her humble suite therefore is that your Highness would be graciously pleased to recommend by way of letters to the tutors or trustees, to continue her with the said trust vntill her said daughters have attayned the ages of 11 or 12 years, the eldest being already goeing on eight.”

“And all these things shall be added unto you !”

This woman was of the world, worldly, to an almost horrible extent. The above is not the *cri du cœur* of a distracted mother who fears the loss of her children. The old castle and lands and their revenues were nearest her heart, and to them she sacrificed, as will be seen, the happiness of her two daughters. In those grim times a brave woman might well be admired in a fight for her own hand, for the future well-being of her family, but “it was not all that”—it was more than that, or less. It was less, we fear and believe.

She got her way with Cromwell, she out-

witted Lord Tweeddale (we marvel that he could spell his own title; surely was never a name, unless it be our own, that presented more difficulties to correspondents!—it was “Tuadell” to Anna in after years, among other variations). She married Marie, at the age of eleven, to the boy she chose for her, Walter Scott, namesake of her dead son, heir of Gideon Scott of Highchester, in later years created Earl of Tarras by Charles II. She had him smuggled to the Wemyss on his way to school at the college of St. Andrews, when only fourteen, and before the scheme became public property the children were married at the parish church, the contract being dated Wester Wemyss, 9th February 1659.

The echoes of the explosion which followed were prolonged in legal rumblings for a considerable period. The whole story is sordid to a degree. But out of the atmosphere of subterranean intrigue and wearisome family litigation rises the delightful attachment of the child-bride to her young husband. She was a married woman, and she had no intention of having her marriage annulled—and told the

Court so ! Not one of her relations but had behaved badly ; if we wade through the interminable details given in Sir William Fraser's invaluable *Scotts of Buccleuch*, it will be seen that we are understating rather than overstating the case. But at least here was love, real love in flower in that strange forcing-house. Marie's own seal bears a heart surmounted by a coronet, with two roses on a single stem over two hands clasped, and encircled by the motto, "THVS CROVND WE FLOORISH." Alas ! that spring should vanish with the rose !

To give her letters, her little love-letters, in their original spelling, would mar the exquisite charm which breathes, fragrant as from dead rose-leaves, from the crumbling pages.

"Dear Heart, be assured that all the allurements of the world shall never change me from being your most affectionate Marie Buccleuch."

"My dear Heart, it is much joy to me that I am to see you the next week, for believe me I am unchangeably yours."

"My dearer Heart . . ."

"My dearest Heart . . ."

"I shall be the more cheerful that you are so, for nothing can so make glad the heart of Marie Buccleuch."

"I will entreat you to be merry, for I hope the time is near now when I shall see you every day. I am your affectionate wife till death."

Death was so near!—and yet that beautiful love was to be poisoned before he came. The child had never been strong. In 1660 she was taken to London to be "touched" by the newly restored Charles. She hoped for so much from that, it seems. She continues to protest that she is "very well in health," and speaks of "the virtue of His Majesty's touch" and the miraculous effect it is to have upon her. But the letter containing those expressions of confidence is the last of all. The sands were running out of the little glass. Five weeks before the end (she died on the 11th of March 1661) she signed a will of an entirely different character from one she had previously subscribed; and for the misery of the closing days of that short life it is impossible to forgive her mother.

Lady Wemyss, seeing that all hope was over,

was "ever devising quarrels" with the young husband and his father, and "suggesting hard things of them to the innocent dying lady." At the last she prevailed upon the child to sign a will dividing her property between her step-father, Lord Wemyss, and her mother's brother, Lord Rothes, afterwards Duke, "a will that ignored the just claims of the boy to whose affections Marie had so steadfastly clung. The signature is feeble and tremulous, as if the dying girl had put off making it until too weak for further resistance."

"A woman who rode rough-shod over the decencies of life," comments Mrs. Dawson Scott, in her article, "Marie and Anna, Countesses of Buccleuch."

Over more than the decencies, we amend, over the hearts of her children. The way in which the dates of Lady Wemyss's moves in the game follow each other makes us gasp, as would a plunge into ice-cold water. In the following May she was offering Charles II the hand of her remaining daughter Anna, her sister's successor, for his son James, created Duke of Monmouth at the time of their

marriage a year later. And “in the King she met her match”; we endorse that statement with considerable pleasure. Lady Wemyss was to have no more of her own way, Charles was not Cromwell! But the inclination to write bitterly of Margaret Leslie must be restrained. Doubtless she had her reasons—and doubtless they were bad ones!—but this is not the place in which to judge them.

It is a sweeter thought, like a breath of fresh air from open blue Galloway country, to dwell upon the elegy written on little Lady Buccleuch by an unknown poet, which we quote from *Scottish Elegiac Verses, 1629 to 1729*.

“ Here goes into the grave a glorious prime :
 Honour and Fame were but attending Time
 Of farder ripening, and the bringing on
 Of her fair flourish to perfection.
 But O ! when Time did fame and Honour call,
 Then comes proud Death, and swiftly ruins all.
 So wise and young ; so young and so compleit ;
 Greatness and goodness trysted here to meet.
 Farewell, sweet Countess ! it's thy noble dust
 Which is committed to this tomb in trust.
 The splendour of thy virtues and their rays
 Shall shine on our horizon many dayes ! ”

.

A "limning in little" still exists, a miniature of herself which she sent to her mother-in-law, "for my honoured lady, the Lady Haychesters," nine months before she died, which forms a portion of the collection in the possession of Lord Polwarth, the lineal descendant of Lord Tarras, by his second marriage with Helen, daughter of Thomas Hepburn of Humbie. The young oval face is seriously sweet, the big eyes are a darker brown than the falling curls of soft hair. It was Anna who inherited her father's colouring and features, if not his constitution; Earl Francis's fair long locks, and, it must be confessed, long nose, were faithfully reproduced by his third daughter, according to two of Lely's portraits in her youth. Anna may have been her father's daughter in looks, but later in life she was as much "a man in her own family" as ever the "witty, active lady," Margaret Leslie, could have desired.

It is permissible to wonder how soon after the death of little Countess Marie the wit and activity were first exercised in the royal direction! When did Anna's mother first allow herself to realise that Marie's death had

cleared the way for her soaring ambitions, that the well-grown and healthy remaining daughter left to her was a fitting match for the King's son? . . . the King's *heir*? It is deeply to be regretted that we dare not believe a word of Ferguson the Plotter's evidence, for his testimony in favour of Monmouth would be invaluable had he not been one of the biggest partisan liars of his day—which is saying a good deal! According to him Margaret Leslie was permitted the vision of a future crown for her son-in-law. So baleful a will-o'-the-wisp never danced more tantalisingly before the eyes of any family, before Margaret Leslie, and Anna her daughter, before Monmouth, and Monmouth's son, even in the black after-days when all hope was dead and buried. It is not every boy not yet in his teens who is proclaimed king at the Cross at Sanquhar.

Monmouth legitimate? Prosaic history, ultra-prosaic in ultra-romantic times, as usual, said "No," and again "No." Charles said "No" in his Declaration, and Monmouth himself said "No" in that strange "paper" written on the morning of his execution. So the will-o'-the-wisp danced away, and there is nothing

to be gained now by proving James Crofts rightful Prince of Wales, since England bade farewell to the Stuarts, true and base-born alike, before he was dust under the chapel altar.

But in 1663—why, the world went very well then ! We hope it did ; it went very ill later on. Enough for the moment to be a Royal duke, to make a fine marriage, to spread gay new wings in the warm sun of the King's favour, for Charles *was* proud of Monmouth !—and Charles is at his most human in his relations with his boy in those early years.

And an engaging creature that boy must have been. Historian, diarist, letter-writer, poet, lampoon-monger, each in his separate way bears witness to the love of the King, ugliest man at his own Court, for his beautiful son. It is so easy to see it all—the glittering crowd of exquisite women and magnificent men (how incredibly good-looking English gentlepeople managed to be in the seventeenth century !), and in their laughing, admiring, alluring midst, the youth who might have posed for the young Dionysius. His father looks on ; the “beetles’-wing brown” eyes glimmer smiling to match

the tilted corners of the lips, the whole face—evil, sardonic, sensual—(how the easy indictment slides from the pen's point !)—is just that of an indulgent happy sire enjoying the success of his promising offspring.

Here was Charles's heart.

As for the courtiers, the King had called the tune and they were only too ready to dance to it. "A joint in the Royal harness, this paternal folly? A joint in the harness of the Royal heir, Brother James?—and the child himself a fascinating new toy? *Allons!*" So they turned Monmouth's head between them.

Behind it all is the little wife, enigmatically silent—she who remembered the Cromwells, who was to see this gay Court in the dust, the proclamation of her husband, signed James Rex, burnt by the hangman, her husband's uncle flying to exile and death overseas, her playfellow Mary come to sit on the vacant throne beside William, Anne, her goddaughter, closing for ever the Book of the Stuarts in England, and the son and grandson of the Electress opening the Chronicles of the House of Hanover. So much to remember—and to forget. But for the moment, the

laughter of the Restoration Court above the obvious heartache of a girl whom all the world has pitied for being Monmouth's wife, and the secret tragedy that lies between the lines when we read the history of Charles II, and realise that neither the woman he adored, nor the woman's son he loved to folly all his life long, ever cared for him in return. It is hard to forgive Lucy Walter and Monmouth for this, and therein may have lain for Charles a tragedy as deep as theirs.

VIII

DALKEITH HOUSE: THE DUCHESS OF MONMOUTH'S MOTHER AND SISTER

PART II

"Sorrowful, for he had great possessions."—*The Gospel of St. Matthew.*

GOING to Court at a time when a fine lady was painted by Lely as a matter of course, the Dowager Lady Buccleuch looks at us to-day from his inevitable canvas, "somewhat past her bloom," as Horace Walpole put it of himself, but with youthfully languishing pearl-bound ringlets, jewelled satin sleeves, and floating draperies, simpering, with a good deal of capacity visible beneath the simper, from a background of looped curtain and marble column, all *à la mode*. Even the conventional portrait of the day could not wholly hide a dominant personality, and beneath the exterior soullessness of this type of picture, we can read a good deal of the inward realities.

It is impossible to pass by this "tireless



MARGARET, COUNTESS OF BUCCLEUCH

widow" with a casual reference. When we remember that "the present titles of Leven and Melville, Buccleuch and Wemyss, have all descended through one woman and her three marriages," we have to acknowledge that she was of importance in her own way. She was really more important than Anna, her far more historically imposing daughter, and we believe that she was a stronger woman, judging by results, though it is perfectly evident that the Fates intended the mother to act and the daughter to sit still. But would this Lady Buccleuch have accepted Anna's part had it been assigned her? Charles II seems to have been the first person to stem that unceasing flow of activity—well, it was the first time that her will had run up against that of a king. She appears to have rebounded from the impact into a condition of comparative passivity. Perhaps, after all, there was not much more for her to do. It is to her credit that, as far as we can find out, she never tried to run her daughter's life for her on the lines of her own. But Anna was her own daughter after all, and might not have permitted that. And then there was

Monmouth, who permitted nothing—or who permitted everything, and then paid no attention whatever !

They are extraordinarily daunting pieces of a puzzle, these people ; how to fit them together at all is a problem to-day. They fitted themselves—or did not fit—but somehow or other the puzzle got itself done. And, looking back over it all, we wish we knew a little more of how the pieces moved *in relation to each other*. The personalities of those days stand, marvelously often, apart from other lives connected with them, like statues each on its separate pedestal, and in particular at this point !—and in their centre Dalkeith Palace, that vast kings' treasure-house, of which it has lately been said : “ It is difficult to give any idea of the extraordinary number of beautiful pieces of furniture without the use of extravagant superlatives ; but it is not too much to say that outside the walls of the Wallace Collection there is not anything in these islands to surpass them.” And that is as it should be, for Anna Monmouth might have been a king's wife, and Dalkeith a palace in actual fact.

We wish we knew how it looked in Monmouth's day. Time has treated but ill the great houses that he knew. It is out-of-doors we must think of him—in camp, at Newmarket, in Hyde Park, on the broad river and the high road, across country with the Charlton Hunt, beneath the Toddington oak, under the open sky ! Whitehall—cinders, ashes, dust these two hundred and twenty years past ; his great mansion in Soho Square, pulled down a century since ; Lord Crofts' Little Saxham, gone long ago ; all that is left of Toddington, a kitchen, and a stairway in a tower ; Moor Park, not only utterly changed inside but refaced, the core of its walls alone remaining of the Moor Park the Monmouths once owned ; even the Church of St. Martins-in-the-Fields is not the original building where he used to worship. The country seats of the Whig gentry in the west are in many instances the same as they were then, but only here and there remains a relic, a portrait, a " Monmouth room." Windsor is for all time ; Windsor, the scene of his installation as Knight of the Garter, and of his sham fight, the taking of Maestricht—

Windsor which holds the beautiful boyish Cooper miniature, and the still more beautiful Lely sketch of him in the heyday of his young manhood.

Of the landmarks that we pass as we follow his story to its finish, there is the ash in "Monmouth's Close" at Ringwood, and the little house where they held him captive after his taking; lovely Farnham Castle, where he passed a night on his way up to the Tower of London; the Bell Tower there, in which he was imprisoned, and the little grey chapel, still faithfully sheltering his dust—but for us the free, the living Monmouth is out-of-doors, as becomes an English gentleman.

Partisan writers apart, the young Duke seems to have possessed *le bel air*—to have had the Stuart way with him, and that naïf document, "An historical account of the Heroick life and magnanimous actions of the most Illustrious Protestant Prince, James Duke of Monmouth," first published in 1683, gives a description of the adoring hero-worship—heady stuff—which was offered him wherever he went. "An incredible number of people came from all the

adjacent places" (to Tunbridge Wells) "to see the eldest son of their King and Sovereign, everyone extolling him to the skies, crying one to another, 'Oh, what a brave man he is!' Some admired the beauty and make of his person, some the majesty and port of his carriage, and others, who had seen the King, the exact resemblance he bore to his Majesty" (thus agreeing with Oliver Cromwell in Monmouth's youthful days), "affirming that they never in all their lives saw a son resemble a father more than the Duke did the King ; but all admired his affable and courteous disposition. . . . His Grace was so much respected and honoured by the gentry that some who were his enemies were much agrieved thereat, and one of the ministers that preached at the Chappel (where his Grace constantly resorted both forenoon and afternoon) could not forbear some unhandsome and unworthy reflections in the pulpit, and an unmannerly clown in the garbe of a gentleman, observing his Grace to stand up, went and clap'd himself down in his seat, refusing to let his Grace have it again." This scene strikes the reader as most regrettable

and at the same time painfully funny ; a contretemps of this nature subjects to a severe strain the “affable and courteous disposition” ! It must have called forth all Monmouth’s gracefulness, pretty manners, and fine temper. (Church behaviour in those days was secular on occasion—once the congregation of St. Martins-in-the-Fields, where he went frequently when in London, rose to its feet, crying, “God bless him !” as its darling Duke came in.)

It is just possible that something of the glamour clung always about him for Lady Wemyss, that the absence of a sense of humour from their personalities, which brought them both more than once into laughable situations, allowed of a certain sympathy between them, otherwise hard to account for ! But this is by the way ; his mother-in-law played very little part in his later life.

Earlier ambitions defeated only by death—and then but in part—the last grand coup successfully brought off, and her daughter virtually a Royal duchess, we hear but little more of Lady Wemyss. She had tried to take back the newly-married Anna with her to Scotland, that she



HENRY SCOTT, EARL OF DELORAINE

might have the control of the vast revenues till she came of age, but Charles II, kindest of fathers-in-law (for which kindness her ladyship wrote him a grateful note of thanks in after years), kept the boy-and-girl couple to grow up together at Court under his own eye, while the discomfited lady retired to her third husband (she buried him not so very many years later) at "the Weems." Hardly any of the letters of mother and daughter have been preserved, but they did not meet often, we imagine, as there is one in which the Duchess describes her three children: "I wish your Ladyship wer to see them all together, for I think them a great stok. My youngest is a verie strong large child, and I blis God they are all thre as well as can be." This letter is undated, but was probably written *circa* '77, when Harry Deloraine was a baby.

Of his relations with his mother-in-law Monmouth has left one entirely unexpected record. Surrounded as he was throughout his life by strong-willed women, none of them appears to have influenced him at all. History has assured us over and over again that his was the most malleable nature under the sun, impressionable

and soft to a fault. It is our opinion, and apparently ours alone, that *women* swayed him astonishingly little. Henrietta Maria, his grandmother, Lady Wemyss, his mother-in-law, Anna, his wife, and later Philadelphia Baroness Wentworth, mother of his wife before God, poor loving and lovable Henrietta, were all women of—shall we put it politely and say great determination? Through their ranks he seems to have passed, charming, affable, smiling, *maddening*!—untouched, with his hands in his pockets, whistling. In 1677 no one would have quoted the Monmouth ménage as a typically happy one, and we are disposed to look for Lady Wemyss on her daughter's side, indignant with the scapegrace husband after the manner of mothers-in-law (and at being mother-in-law to Monmouth imagination boggles), yet we find she preserved the following letter, a typical example of schoolboy impudence, and one of the many proofs of Monmouth's incurable youth, over which we confess to having laughed till we cried. We have found it solemnly catalogued as "an expression of his regard for her," which moved us to further mirth. The thing

is childish, we know, but it comes as a relief to the tension of the whole story of Lady Wemyss, in which there is not much to laugh with all through, and we do not want to feel angry from beginning to end.

(Here, again, we have reduced the—literally—original spelling to conventional shape ; Monmouth's letters *au naturel* occasionally lose all point for their readers by proving indecipherable—though, strangely enough, he wrote quite a good hand, and one, at that date, very like his uncle's, the Duke of York. We have been driven at times to reading him aloud, as being the only means by which we could arrive at his meaning at all !)

LONDON, *October 25, 1677.*

MADAM,—You cannot imagine how troubled I am that you should believe it possible for me to forget you. I do assure you that it would be one of the last things I should ever do. But you have drawn upon yourself such a trouble that I cannot imagine how you will ever get off of it, for now there will not be a post go for Scotland but will have one of my letters with

it, to show you how much I am and will ever be your most obedient and humble servant,

MONMOUTH.

The habitual stiffness of the form of commencement and conclusion adds to rather than detracts from the rallying banter of the letter itself, and the fact that there is not one word of news of any kind from start to finish is quite in keeping with the general spirit. We wondered, as we laid down the big, creased, yellowing sheet, exactly why Lady Wemyss kept this letter, and (inevitably) *if he ever wrote again !*

We confess to having submitted the handwriting of the Duke to an expert of our acquaintance, who had avowedly read nothing of Monmouth since long-past schoolroom days, and who thought of him, historically, as “a mere disturber of the peace,” but whose delineation tallies so exactly with our own estimate of his character that we quote it here, and may at once state that had we been called upon to write his character, calligraphy apart, we should have done it far less well. The writing reveals “a temperament strongly influenced by outward

circumstances, sometimes buoyant in the extreme, then without much reason falling into the depths of depression. An imagination uncontrolled, and a will influenced by the affections; a womanly tenderness of character, and sometimes a womanly show of determination unsupported by reason ! Conclusions would be arrived at by intuition. He would not, if possible, put himself into opposition, and would have little power of resistance to unworthy but agreeable associates. He would be able to put any plan into an attractive light, deceiving himself and others also, and yet be capable of seeing what the consequences of his actions would be. The present would weigh with him more than the future. Clear-headed, candid, liberal, and kind, he would be a delightful friend, and a generous enemy—he could draw people to him in spite of their better judgment, and it would be long before they allowed themselves to acknowledge that instability and want of sustained effort, forming the integral part of his character.”

In our eyes “this is the man we knew,” the beguiling, charming, weak, unsuccessful Monmouth whom women loved and men died for !

There are those who, like ourselves, believe letters to be the nearest—the most intimate—link between the living and the dead, and whom such little jokes and personal trivialities of the most ordinary description (the more ordinary the worse !) cut to the very quick, while the great tragedies of existence only stun to numbness. But it is not only beautiful, wicked, mischievous Monmouth who is brought close to us by that impertinent little note, it is Lady Wemyss herself, who received it, and read, and laughed, maybe, and put it by, to be preserved for ever among the Buccleuch correspondence, among the armaments, and the contracts, pardons, gifts, retours, precepts, obligations, acts of Privy Council, bonds, wills, discharges, reversions, inventories, Royal patents, commissions, instruments of sasine, letters of bailiery—all the dignified and solemn “papers” appertaining to a great house, beginning with a charter by King William the Lion, and closing with the pedigrees of the Scotts of Buccleuch, Sinton, Harden, Raeburn, Scottstarvit !

So we meet the woman Lady Wemyss face to face, it is possible, for the first time ;

and once again, we think, in the following letter.

A hurried scrawl from the Duchess of Monmouth's half-sister, Margaret Wemyss, also Countess in her own right, heiress-daughter of the Balgonie marriage, written at the time of his Rebellion (in another life, we almost feel, and yet only some eight years after), gives us just one glimpse of an affection for her son-in-law which would seem to have been real on the old lady's part.

"I hope this shall not bring the first news of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, who by all appearance is taken by this time or killed. I was unwilling to write to my sister, lest she knew not of it, but if her business be not very pressing, I think she should come here and wait on our dear mother, who does not yet believe him in such hazard. Alas, the sad stroke will be heavy enough when it comes, without the aggravation of groundless hopes. The Lord comfort her. I am in such confusion I can write no more.

“ For the Master of Melvill.”

Lady Wemyss died three years after Monmouth, the same year in which Anna married again.

We are glad to take leave of her in a human frame of mind. We find but little grief spent over those who should have been dearest to her, but more genuine sympathy wasted—if there be such a thing as waste of sympathy—for the worthless husband she had been at such pains to secure for her only remaining daughter twenty-three years earlier.

One of the greatest difficulties we have to contend with in clothing these dry bones is that such strange scraps of material are all that we can find with which to do our dressing. It is highly probable that some odd letters and documents, a few stray twisted anecdotes, and a possibly adverse contemporary opinion or two, which are all the shreds and patches we can discover for the purpose, can (and do) prove entirely misleading.

Margaret Leslie may have been quite another woman from what we think her, “in real life,” when the draperies were all whole and could be seen in their true colours. It is unfortunate for

her memory that nearly every item of information which has been preserved would have been better buried with her ! Nothing can alter the cold grey truth that she appears to have considered no one's feelings, to have cared for no one, except perhaps—and it is a vague perhaps after all—that Knave of Hearts, the King's son.

It is to be hoped that we have not added a kink to this twisted personality. Those of us who take historical characters for our heroes and heroines should bear in mind that they are no creatures of our own making. It's an awkward thing to play with souls—the dead and gone are not our toys. A certain collection of short stories lately issued includes one in which the Duke of Monmouth, by a turn of the facile pen, figures as a jest for the contemptuous amusement of a modern half-hour. It is easy, we repeat with emphasis, it is a criminally easy early-Victorian trick, to twist a man who lived and suffered and sinned and died centuries ago into a puppet that may perhaps turn a yawn into a laugh to-day. Let us use a phrase often on the lips of a sporting, old, other-early-Victorian

great-uncle of our own : “ It ain’t justice, and it ain’t truth ! ”

Lady Wemyss’s methods may appear ruthless in twentieth-century eyes—we should be aided by a present-day Liberal government, in her place, in cutting up Dalkeith into building-lots for mushroom villas, without a doubt. Her aim in life was to preserve the hereditary glories of the magnificent estate. Anna was the greatest heiress in the United Kingdom, thanks to her mother. And Anna, in her turn, made obeisance to the same Moloch.

It is of no use blaming these people. If we begin to blame, where shall we stop ? Shall we have a word of good to say for anybody ? If we execrate Lady Wemyss, if we even pause to shake our heads over the vacillation of the little dying Marie Buccleuch, what shall we say of Henrietta Wentworth, who threw away her inheritance for the sake of the Duke of Monmouth ? There is no Toddington to speak of now, and there is Dalkeith—and may the fortunes of the house stand. Each generation is but a link in the chain, but it is what the chain binds together that matters in a country’s story.

So the moral of it all is that Margaret Leslie was right? It may be. And therein lies the puzzle of Life and the fascination of History, and the moral within a moral : "It is of no use blaming these people."

WIFE OF THE LEFT HAND:
MONMOUTH'S LOVE FOR
HENRIETTA LADY WENTWORTH

HENRIETTA WENTWORTH TO MONMOUTH

I COME to you with hands in chains, my lover.

The dead years left you free !

You bound yourself to love on love,—and over

Snapped fetters came to me.

Never a bond could hold you ; thus you squandered

Heart's treasure, careless-spent,

I, virgin, free, with eyes that never wandered,

Watched all the way you went.

Woman on woman snared your soul for sinning,

In meshes silken-fine,

You never strained against the cobweb spinning

Of any lure of mine.

Not mine the arts that beckoned you to wooing

A wanton idle day,

When, on the morrow of a heart's undoing,

You laughed and rode away !

Long since your vows were made, your love-names spoken,

Your very kisses spent,

I, in the fetters that are still unbroken,

Watched all the way you went.

But oh, how blank those years when strove unsated

My love you might not see.

I waited, that was all—but then I waited

For you to come to me.

Bound in the love that from my youth I bore you,

(Steel in the silken bands !)

Love of my whole life long, I kneel before you,

. . . You kiss my fettered hands.

IX

WIFE OF THE LEFT HAND: MONMOUTH'S LOVE FOR HENRIETTA LADY WENTWORTH

PART I

"D'un Constance extreme
Un Ruisau fait son cours,
Il en fera de maimé
Du choy de mes Amours ;
Car du moment que j'aime,
C'est pour aimer toujours."

French Song from Monmouth's Pocket-book.

HOW are we to write a love-story of which no letters remain ; where the adored woman has left behind her no undisputed portrait of herself, and but one recorded saying (that, an expression of surprise that her man should think of her !)—a love-story of which the world in general knew nothing until the morning on which it came to an end ?

Of Henrietta Baroness Wentworth of Nettlested, if history has too little, we ourselves have too much, to say. There was never a woman in Stuart times who pleased her contemporaries

less, or who "asks for our hearts" more. Not a painting or an engraving remains to-day but the identity of which can be questioned, and every scrap of information concerning her, except that given by Lord Ailesbury, is delivered to the public in the icy official manner of the *London Gazette* of the period. Not till the publication of his Memoirs in 1891,¹ did the world read what her first boyish lover thought of her—writing in simple, halting phrases the love-story of his early years, green across the long grey days between her grave and his old age. They were not quick at the up-take with the pen, those men who adored her!

Ailesbury (then Lord Bruce), first suitor for her hand, Gentleman of the Bedchamber in his teens to Charles II, loved her always, and loved too, strange, triangular, selfless devotion, the man who won her from all her wooers, James Duke of Monmouth, who wrecked her life and broke her heart—and gave her happiness such as the world seldom sees.

"Had she been brought up by a wise discreet mother, she would have made a perfect wife."

¹ Roxburghe Club Publications, Camden Society.

Wifehood was not for her; to the rightabout went her *prétendants*, the Lords Ailesbury, Feversham, Thanet, the future Duke of Shrewsbury, and through their scattered ranks she went, not to the hot love of an hour, but to lasting devotion, respect, esteem, honour rooted in dishonour, from the man (a husband at fourteen) who could not marry her. To the man who found in her the long-sought mate, who experienced with her simple clean domestic peace, whom she “redeemed from a life of vice”—for these things can be done by the Henrietta Wentworths of the world! Facing death, he told us something of what she was and of the man she had made him, and tall old Ailesbury, with the rugged face and “the unimaginably slender hands,” gives us a little more.

And the rest we must learn for ourselves.

Upon the earlier life of this almost invisible woman, from her birth until three years before her death, the curtain is raised for a moment at long intervals, and quickly dropped again. Modern novels, with Henrietta for their hero-

ine, blur her outlines for us. Fair, high-bred, elegant, worthy granddaughter of that magnificent blond old Cavalier, the first and last Lord Cleveland, we read no comment upon her looks in the writings of her time.¹ Her father (whose portrait, now at Ockham Park, painted about the time of his marriage, we reproduce²) died before the old Earl, and the Barony of Wentworth devolved upon her as a child, sole heiress to the fallen fortunes of ruined Royalists, and to the great old tumble-down Manor of Toddington beyond Dunstable. Handicapped by an incomprehensible mother, Philadelphia Carey, Lady Wentworth (of whom Sir William Smith was dubbed "the errant knight"), an explosive lady, figuring still more briefly in history, and always in a towering rage!—this girl went to Court in her teens, to be Maid of Honour to Mary of Modena, and the curtain rises first upon Crowne's *Calisto*.

This was in December 1674. The Lady Mary, afterwards Queen of England, took the title-rôle, Henrietta the part of Jupiter (!); the

¹ Her beauty and fascination are alluded to in a contemporary poem, but none of her alleged portraits are really pretty.

² By the kind permission of Mary Countess of Lovelace.



THOMAS, LORD WENTWORTH
Ockham Park

Duke of Monmouth, that incomparable dancer, led the ballet as Principal Shepherd—and the curtain falls again at once.

Recent research has laid bare “many dark places” in the Memoirs of the Court of England in 1675,¹ but it is not possible to assign to Lady Wentworth a position among the blanks now filled by other names; our own impression being that the charming child of seventeen or eighteen (the exact date of her birth has never been ascertained) attracted no attention from the young Duke *at first*. It appears that it was her destiny not to be one among the many women in his early life, but the only one later on, and it is with feelings of relief that we fail to find any trace of her amid the light loves which thronged those easy years. In the absence of all evidence for or against this little girl, she may be pictured as a slender slip of a thing, holding her own at St. James’s in the seventies, of the type of looks that is less attractive in its teens than in its twenties, and which probably went to the wall when brought into competition with the sumptuousness of the lovely Needhams,

¹ Translated by Mrs. Arthur.

the fascinating devilry of Mary Kirke, the experienced allure of young married women of the Lady Betty Felton order, Lady Grey, Lady Shrewsbury, Lady Norwich, "the most gorgeous" Duchess of Cleveland herself, though we are not suggesting that Monmouth's name was associated with all of these, Rochester's lampoons apart. There was political court to be paid to the Duchess of Portsmouth, as is well known, even to Nell Gwyn, who drew an eloquent (and quite plain !) word-portrait of him to soften his father's heart on one strained occasion. There was no room for Henrietta Wentworth, her time was to come. When it came, it was for all time.

She must have been like, and yet unlike, her impetuous family, that turbulent race !—hard to discipline, hot-heads, fine fighters, reckless great lords who were lavish spenders of more than gold, men with the defects of their qualities, among whom Lord Strafford shone with prismatic contradictory brilliance. Other notable kinsfolk in the past had been the Protector Somerset (son of that Margaret Wentworth of Nettlested who married Sir John Seymour), his

sister Queen Jane Seymour, and his brother the Admiral, who married Queen Katherine Parr.

Henrietta was probably slow to develop ; she may have spent those years in waiting till Monmouth should have tired of all the others. Nobody knows now—and few, it seems, knew then—exactly how the irresistible forces drew man and woman together, and so, from a bewildering multiplication of Lady Wentworths at Court about that time, we do not bring her to light again till January 1680 (N.S.). Dorothy Lady Sunderland remarks in a letter that Philadelphia Wentworth has “carried her daughter into the country in so much haste that it makes a great noise, and was done sure in some great passion.” (Curtain again.) That, as far as we know, is the first time that the world linked her name with Monmouth’s. Ailesbury himself, the friend of both, knew nothing of the beginning of the affair, and says so. Yet they were all three at Court together !

From thence we have to wait till June 1683, and fill in a good deal for ourselves, in-

cluding a complete *volte face* on Philadelphia's part.

The bubble of the Rye House Plot was pricked by then, the leading Whig conspirators driven to the four winds of heaven ; Algernon Sidney, Lady Sunderland's brother, and that upright gentleman, William Lord Russell, to the scaffold in due course ; Lord Essex, Howard, and Wildman to the Tower ; and among others Lord Grey of Werke, Ferguson, and Monmouth into hiding.

This strange conspiracy, with its plot within a plot (the Assassination Scheme, in which Monmouth was certainly not implicated : "Odso ! Kill the King ? I will never suffer it !"), cannot be more than lightly touched upon here. Suffice it to say that Monmouth, with a price of £500 upon his head, escaped from bed by way of the roof of the house where he was hidden, and slipped through the guards' fingers only just in time, and into invisibility as far as the world in general was concerned.

The house of more than one fair lady was watched, but though he was on such terms, not only with Henrietta, but with her mother, by

that date, as to warrant his flying straight to them without hesitation, it does not seem to have occurred to anyone that he was at Toddington. They searched the house of the door-keeper of the House of Lords, and, according to Burnet, the apartments of the Duchess of Monmouth herself; they spied upon Eleanor Needham — *mâîtresse en titre* for at least some years previously, and she certainly “played up,” intentionally or accidentally;—they coupled his name with Lady Grey’s in a broadside, and recommended hunting for him under her roof; an anonymous letter to the Secretary of State contained the information that he had hired a boat at the Savoy stairs to carry him to Gravesend en route for Scotland.¹ But he was safe with Lady Wentworth long before they tracked him.

His pocket-book contains one entry which tells us all we shall ever know of his journey into Bedfordshire, the flight of the Moth to the Star, *per ardua ad astra*. Down the old Roman road, the Watling Street, past the ruins of Roman Verulamium, and the red Roman bricks

¹ Mr. Allan Fea, *King Monmouth*.

of St. Albans Abbey tower, pagan witnesses of lawless flight to lawless love, he went to her.

“When the glamour and the glitter and the pomp are past,
And the dream of a crown’s in the dust bestrow’d,
*There’s the woman who loves him for the man at last,
At the end of the long dark road.*”

He was hidden at Toddington Manor for five months.

Private information concerning his whereabouts was supplied to his father, Charles II, and an anonymous letter written to Lorry Hyde, Lord Rochester; but Charles was an awkward customer to whom to betray people—for the betrayers.

Ailesbury (still Lord Bruce), whose father “was kindly disposed to the Duke and a neighbour of the Wentworths” (as Monmouth himself had been, when a boy at Lord Crofts’s, Henrietta’s cousin, at Little Saxham), was beckoned aside by the King one day in Whitehall Gardens, and told to go down to Toddington and take the fugitive by surprise. Ailesbury tactfully excused himself—he knew his Charles! The sundial in the Privy Gardens, by which “King David” was setting his watch, was a

courtier too : "I only mark the bright hours." The hours were not too bright for David just then, nor for the spoiled son Absalom. Has this monarch ever been pitied enough for what his headstrong boy made him suffer? But it has never been the fashion to pity Charles II.

If Bruce would not give Monmouth away, that incurable gambler and sportsman nearly did it for himself soon after! The now pacified Philadelphia exploded again on hearing, later, that on Monmouth's reconciliation to the King in October, he had told him, as a great joke, of a stag-hunt on a fine hunting morning at Todding-ton, and of his being recognised by the alarmed Bruce "indiscreetly" disguised "in a country habit" (once again the Principal Shepherd?), "opening a gate" for him. Bruce was sent for and dealt with by "lady, the mother," in pursuance of her customary blasting methods, but remained intact, and cool enough to catch the whisper from "lady, the daughter," assuring him of her belief in his trustworthiness. To run with the hare of Monmouth and hunt with the hounds of Charles was a task beyond the volatile dame's capacity—as a good many others

found it. She must have been a violent fool, or she would hardly have tried to send a message to the King that she had never seen his son during those five months. To the King, of all people !

There was a heartache at the back of this little scene between the two women and the man. "That unfortunate lady," we read in the Memoirs, "was proposed some years before for a wife for me. I greatly esteemed and loved her, but her fortune not being clear and proportionable to what my father expected, out of duty to so good a father I laid aside all thoughts, but my esteem I could not blot out so soon." It would not have mattered if the thoughts had not been laid aside. There was only one man for Henrietta Wentworth, in the world or out of it.

(When did he first know that he loved her ? When did he first look at her and say under his breath : "Oh, it *is* you, it is *you*" ? The one woman, the only woman, the woman—just that. Somehow we like Monmouth the better for all his lack of protestations. At the last, in the face of his questioners, he hurled no defiant love at the world, he talked no high-falutin, he did not rant, he did not rhapsodise. She was his

choice—he hers, “guided, not by lust, but by judgment upon due consideration.” Does that ring cold? Think of their story, think of the way they both died. Does that ring cold! It is not in words that this fire burned. Nor does it burn in words now. But if anything lives, if these two people have left anything behind them, there rises yet from the sacrifice of their shame and their agony, the tragedy of their loving and of their dying, a fine clear flame that the world’s scorn has never extinguished, nor the world’s forgetfulness, nor the world’s laughter.)

Monmouth’s reconciliation with his father came later, and again disgrace, and banishment from England. It is such a long story, and has to be cut so short. “In the latter part of December” (quoting from Macpherson’s *Original Papers*) “he embarked from Greenwich in a fisher boat,” and went to Brussels. “The gracious prince is our neighbour here,” writes Chaloner Chute to Lady Rutland, “and, as it is said, the Lady Harriet W——th with him.” She had burnt her boats behind her, and she

was never separated from him again, until she bade him farewell for the last time.

Still the world believed her guiltless. Skelton, the English envoy, writes miserably concerning her from Hamburg to Bulstrode in May '84: "I hope in God she is innocent, though I must confess I approve not of her conduct, and much lesse of her mother's who humours her in it. Pray be so kinde as to write freely to me of all that is say'd of her, and how she carryes herself, w^{ch} I shall make noe ill use of, or expose to the view of any creature living. I ever had a most tender concern for her, and am troubled beyond expression at any ill that happens to her."

She was very ill at the time this letter was written, and Monmouth's anxiety on her behalf seems to have attracted the first public notice. After that, any thought of concealment was at an end. They faced out the situation together, the situation recognised quite as a matter of course, very shortly afterwards, in that high and perhaps least-to-be-expected quarter, the Court of William of Orange.



JAMES, DUKE OF MONMOUTH
Over

X

WIFE OF THE LEFT HAND: MONMOUTH'S LOVE FOR HENRIETTA LADY WENTWORTH

PART II

"My love, my crown, the hours run down!"

THE curtain rises again on Lady Wentworth in Holland, at the Hague, and upon Stuart kinsfolk, Monmouth's cousins William and Mary of Orange, making much of him, "marked attention being also paid to the mistress." William was recognised by then as the coming power, the cold, inscrutable strong man who always seems to have kept a warm corner in his heart for handsome, charming ruffians!—Henry Sidney, Arnold Joost Van Keppel, and Monmouth himself, to name three out of a longer list. It is interesting to remember, in passing, the links between this group of persons and the country their lines were laid in at that time. William was, of course, half a Dutchman, Mary's mother had

been in the service of the Princess of Orange when James II first fell in love with her, Monmouth was born in Rotterdam, and Lady Wentworth's father and mother met first, it is thought, in Holland, where her people had settled. Philadelphia Carey became a naturalised Englishwoman on her marriage to Lord Wentworth, but her sister Aletta married Sir Gelyn Quirinson, and at the time of his exile Charles II "had lodged divers weeks at their house."

Just as Monmouth had laughed and danced with and chaffed the adorable and adored long-dead Henriette d'Orleans, "boy to her girl" rather than nephew to aunt!—so he, fifteen years later, played with his fair cousin Mary. His people nearly always fell in love with him when he wanted them to—and here he laid siege with the ardour of a schoolboy. D'Avaux's despatches, Bentinck's and William's own letters show as much—and show, too, a half-apologetic attitude (while denying the necessity for apology) on the part of the self-contained Dutchman, uncle to nephew rather than cousin to cousin of the same age! As a rule he rode his

worshipping wife severely on the curb ; in this instance he gave her her head in a manner which completely upset the calculations—and equanimity—of the French Ambassador.

Mary had hardly been allowed a woman friend, and seldom spoke to a man at all, and this dreadfully fascinating Englishman from the gay world she had so reluctantly quitted, was encouraged to be always with her. He boyishly “rushed” her into learning all the newest *contre-danses*—and who could teach them better?—and he also insisted on learning to skate, and, moreover, insisted on her learning in short skirts (D’Avaux seems to have expected her to wear a train) ; he walked with her in the woods of the *Huis ten bosch*, and she never walked in public then, every morning regularly, and he flirted with her before everybody, displaying for her benefit all the moves in the game of “honest gallantry,” and he knew them by heart—every turn of easy graceful phrase, every inflection of the beautiful soft voice, gleam of white teeth, and flash of dark eyes, so adorably impudent and so entirely Stuart, and the Stuarts flirted with their grand-

mothers ! Childless wife of Orange—who had been daughter of Stuarts—Mary, we think, enjoyed it all, and knew, too, exactly what it meant, just as William did ; knew, moreover, as surely as she knew her own unchanging devotion to her strangely non-Stuart husband, that Monmouth's whole heart was in another woman's keeping — the “Jupiter” of her “Calisto.”

We can look at that quaint scene, clear as a Dutch picture, and guess at the glances of understanding, byplay which was lost on outraged D'Avaux and annoyed Bentinck, which may have passed between those four people who understood each other so thoroughly. It must have made a wonderful little play.

Then dawned 6th February 1685, and it all came to an end.

The death of Charles II was a crushing blow to Monmouth. He and his uncle, balanced in those scales of the King's, took turns to be uppermost. It was the Duke of York's turn. But Monmouth had been in England secretly in December to see his father, his recall had

been arranged, and he was only waiting for a signal to go. Yet it was not he, but Charles, who received a signal. "Six days later was all in the dust." A little while, and he would have been at the King's right hand and James beyond seas. Of what use is it to wonder now? . . . but there is one thing we cannot wonder at, the suspicion of poison. The Duke of York's innocence we do not doubt, but there were others—two great parties ready to be at each other's throats, and behind them the Reformed Religion and the Church of Rome.

With the exiled lovers all thoughts of the future were laid aside for the moment. They settled in the little town of Gouda¹ early in March, and for a few weeks they lived out of the world in a paradise of their own. Love was enough! Here Monmouth "knew quietness," here he studied, here he wrote those little pathetic, halting, happy verses, which may be read in his pocket-book; and, among other things, a letter to William Spence, Argyle's secretary, à propos of the way in which he was

¹ Tergou, spelt Trogou by Monmouth.

being urged to return to public affairs, a part of which runs :

“That I may not seem obstinate in my own judgment, nor neglect the advice of my friends, I will meet you at the time and place appointed. But for God’s sake think in the meantime of the improbabilities that lie naturally in our way, and let us not by struggling with our chains make them straiter and heavier. For my part I’ll run the hazard of being thought anything rather than a rash inconsiderate man, and to tell you my thoughts without disguise, I am now so much in love with a retired life that I am never like to be fond of making a bustle in the world again.” We quote this to clear Lady Wentworth from the accusation made against her by most historians, who insist, in spite of the absence of all evidence, that she “edged Monmouth on” by her enthusiasm and ambitions, and that her heart was set upon his being a king.

He was drawn into the maelstrom once more, as all the world knows, and his movements between Amsterdam and Gouda to attend the conferences of his party are faithfully recorded

in his pocket-book. He tried and he failed ; on July 6th he was defeated at Sedgemoor, and taken on the outskirts of the New Forest on the 8th, and, on the 13th, arrived a prisoner in London, and was conveyed by river to the Privy Stairs at Whitehall. "I, coming by water," wrote Ailesbury, "unfortunately landed at the same moment and saw him led up the other stairs on Westminster side, lean and pale and with a disconsolate physiognomy, with soldiers with pistols in their hands. The Yeomen of the Guard were posted, and I got behind one of them that he should not perceive me, and I wished heartily and often that I had not seen him, for I could not get him out of my mind for years, I so loved him personally."

This, too, was love !

There are many versions of what passed between Monmouth and the four bishops sent to the prison to attend him during the last night of his life, and at his execution on Tower Hill at ten o'clock in the morning of 15th July. The Buccleuch MS., that vividly descriptive if lamely phrased letter signed "I. F.," lets him speak for himself. Monmouth stated that : "He was

none of those whom the world called Atheists, that believed not a Supreme Being or future state, that with all profound respect and suitable adoration he believed both : that he was of the religion of the Church of England, and believed all the articles and doctrine of it, without excepting any : that it was too true that he hade for a long time lived a very dissolute and irregular life : that he had oft humbled himself for it before God and hoped He would pardone him : that as for his conversation with the Lady Henrietta Wentworth, whom the world had much aspersed because of that, he knew her to be a vertuous and godly lady (these were his own words) and far from deserving the unkind censure she ly's under on his accompt : that it is true that their conversation was very intimate together, and whatever was of it, he had consulted God in prayer about it to know His pleasure and approbatione, and had not met with anie returne that marked His dislike or discountenanceing of their conversacione : that for the last two yeares he had made it his business to lead a more sober and regular course of life than he had done before, towards the effect-

ing thereof he did what he could to subdew and mortifie his body by frequent fasting and prayer and had not the temptatione of anie irregular desire towards that lady but was the furthest from it in the worlde. When he was married to the Dutches of Monmouth he was verie young, and under age, and did not weel know what he did or obleidge himself to performe on that accompt : that he had not that perfect love and affectione for her that either she deserved or he wished himself to have had towards her, which was the occasione of his goeing so frequently astray from her. That the Ladie Henrieta Wentworth was the persone in the world that cured him, haveing mett with in her conversatione all the blessings he could promise himself or expect. That they had consulted God by prayer and fasting about it, and was satisfied in their consciences of the innocencie and sinceritie of the intentione ; and talking thus enthusiastically on that head and giving noe better reasons for his opinions and practice than what is her sett doune, he went on to the great amazement of those learned and pious divynes.”

(Why has this scene never been painted ?)

And on the scaffold : “ *He being full of Her ever to the verie last*, could not forbear concluding his lyfe with breacking furth the last testimonie of his esteem and affectione to her.”

The strange old homely style of the seventeenth century is not to be beaten ! These people wrote, to the best of their convictions, of Things as They Were, obscured not one whit by the black cloud of anguish overhanging the Bell Tower ; nor was ever dimmed, for an instant, the steady beacon of love that shone through. It is all hard to read of, harder still to turn the thoughts to “that unfortunate lady whom I lament to this hour” (faithful Ailesbury), for, as far as we know, she, waiting in Zealand, heard nothing of her lover’s failure until he was dead and buried. She came back to England soon after “in a most lamentable state of health,” only to die of a broken heart in April 1686. Not till the publication of the Memoirs, some twenty years ago, did the world learn anything more of the story of Henrietta Wentworth before her curtain fell for the last time.

“ He ” (Monmouth) “ desired my Lord Bishop

of Ely to carry the poor Lady Henrietta, whom he called his wife before God to the last, some small matter wrapped in a paper. The Bishop acquainted the King with it and was unwilling to go, but did it by the King's direction. The poor lady swooned away and being come to herself told my Lord, 'Good God! had that poor man nothing to think of but of me?' The Bishop reluctantly gave her the keepsake, and told her—still reluctantly—how her lover had spoken of her, and again of her, and again, 'He being full of Her ever to the verie last.'"

"*Nothing to think of but of me?*"—the beautiful humility of it. She was so sure of him, so sure! Why should she monopolise his last thoughts, his last words, who held the whole of his heart? But James of Monmouth was as one-idea'd as she, and it is the One Idea that matters after all.

If we are looking for a reason for this love-story, we need go no further. So many stories have little or nothing to do with love like this. The images of other women in the past had lain as "shadows on his heart," or as sunshine, perhaps! On her heart, other men had cast no

light or shade. *These two people loved each other, wrongly, in the right way*, and that is all there is to be said. They shocked their century, partly because they puzzled it. Lady Wentworth has been reviled by history as much as any of those fair and frail sirens for whom there is no excuse to be made. In those days a woman was a wife or she was—*not*, frivolous, abandoned, shameless. “Wisdom for a wife, and Folly for our hours of leisure!”—that was men’s creed then, and this woman was outside their limitations.

What was she? A heroine, deliberately sacrificing her virtue, her ancient name, her high place (that rare place among honourable women), for the sake of reclaiming a bad man? It is in our minds that her beautiful enthusiasm, her bravery, her devotion, her spirit clear as fire, were attributes belonging to those who sell themselves, for good or ill, “to bondage of great deeds.” Was she a visionary, as Ailesbury declares, a dreamer, a fatalist? There were dreams to be dreamt and a fate to be put to the touch! We must try to see as she saw, or we shall never catch sight of her at all between her curtain’s fall and rise. Was she a gambler like her lord,

playing a game for his sake such as Anna his wife had played in vain? We have to guess, and we may not guess too much. We will ask but one more question, the shortest of all! Did she simply love him?

.

She lies quiet enough under that magnificent monument in the Wentworth Chapel where her sorrowing villagers laid her, and does not answer us. She owed no allegiance to any but one man, who knew all the reasons for what she did—or the only one!—and to the God whom she loved and worshipped through all her strange errors and pitiful blindness. *Quia multum amavit*. That has been quoted so often, inappropriately, over many sinning women since the Magdalen, women who only loved *a man*, but it may well stand for Henrietta Wentworth. We do not attempt to defend her; it is not possible. We can only say that she was one of those women who rise superior to their sin, who are not dragged in the mire after they fall, and who have the rare power of raising the men with whom they have fallen. We can but say it, for it is true of these two. And add, per-

haps, that it is fortunate for the cause of Morality that they form the exception which proves the rule. Whatever her faults she paid for them. The Stuarts always did, and those who loved them paid too, and were glad of the chance of paying. Of such fools' stuff are we made, we Stuarts and lovers of Stuarts !

These facts remain of Monmouth's mistress : that she gave her life to a Stuart, and that, later, she gave it for him ; she could not live away from him while he lived, nor without him when he died, and so she was lucky in being able to die and follow him out of the world, as she had once followed him out of the little world of England. Many men were found willing to die for his sake—many men . . . and one woman ! Not for her was Browning's indictment written :

“The sin I impute to each frustrate ghost,
Is the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin,
Though the end in sight was a vice, I say !”

The supreme tragedy was spared Lady Wentworth, the death-knell (the actual death of their love-story) that would have rung for her had Monmouth become our king. We know him,



HENRIETTA, LADY WENTWORTH
Crabtree Park

as she, perhaps, did not—and yet perhaps she did, since she loved him !—and we know what kingship would have meant for him, and for her, and not for her. At the zenith of his prosperity, popularity, and Royal favour, she came into his life, but, as far as we know, she made no mark upon it until his star began to set ; when all went, she alone was left to him, and as she had seen him the darling of his father's Court, when a word from Charles would have declared him the legitimate successor (thus near “did he come to his kingdom”), so it was hers to give him shelter when he fled outcast—think of that happiness for a woman in love ! She had known him confess that he set a quiet life with her above all his “great dreams crowned and throned,” and she had heard of his death with but one thought in his mind—the thought of her. “I take your heart with me into the darkness.”

So she had all of him.

She had him for her very own, and she never lost him—such as he was. Let those who would pity her remember that he was all she wanted, this tall gay lover with his bright dark

eyes and honey-sweet voice, this lover of women, lover of one woman only in the end and to the end.

From the dream-picture of King Monmouth to which his gaze ever turned, and, as we must believe, hers with his, we avert our eyes. It is better to look upon the fact of his scaffold than on the vision of his throne. We know now that she had all the luck!—and that she can never have known herself lucky, for who, so young, thinks death from a broken heart a gift of the gods? Gamblers they were, both of them, and they played for an amazing stake, and she (as we know too) had less to gain and far more to lose. They both lost everything but their love for each other; *that* they took out of the world with them, and what more could they have taken?—and oh, how much less! Therefore it may be said that the gods who were kind to the Duke of Monmouth and let him die young, were kinder to the woman he died loving, and who died because she loved him.

“She, in her vault at Toddington, lies far from the marble slab in St. Peter’s Chapel

which covers the whole of her heart. The long miles part them, waters flow and winds sweep, but perhaps in the world unseen the desire and the prayer of their lives are granted, and she and the one man life held for her are face to face once more, with none between."

THE HOME OF HENRIETTA WENT-
WORTH: TODDINGTON MANOR

QUEEN MARY II

TO THE MEMORY OF HER COUSIN MONMOUTH

(*Circa 1689*)

No ONE ever noticed when I danced my last !
I go so staid and stately for the world to see,
And nobody imagines I recall the past,
Now the great grand future is awaiting me.
You were light, you were disloyal, you were hard to hold,
So you lie beneath the ashes of your hopes and aims,
But my heart's grown cold to dancing now your heart's grown
cold,
Now you dance no more for ever, Cousin James.

'Twas "Your Grace!"—with sweeping curtsies my little
court before,
'Twas "Your Highness!"—and a low bow above my hand
to kiss,
You, who might not be a Stuart, I, a Stuart nevermore,
There was just an hour of playtime that we did not miss !
I told you, "'Tis unseemly, for I am twenty-two,
And Bentinck thinks me frivolous, and Monsieur D'Avaux
blames
The prettiest of my pleasures thus enjoyed with you !"
Now you know no more of pleasures, Cousin James.

I wear the Stuart crown that you hoped in vain to wear,
I sit beside my husband on my father's throne,
A seat that's all uneasy, and a burden hard to bear,
Yet I never loved but one man, and I am his alone.
Princess Royal to win England—tool to break the pow'r of
France—
Pawn in all his princely schemings and his kingcraft games,—
But he has no time to notice that I do not dance,
And I dance no more for ever, Cousin James.

Let others call for music, as of old we used to do,
 (I sit at cards, they vow I like it best !)
For even now I think the airs you loved would cry to you,
 And break the silence where you lie at rest.
I would not hear the tale of how men led you forth to die,—
 I never read the story of your failures and your shames,—
I know not how you suffered,—and I know not where you lie,—
 But I think you're sleeping soundly, Cousin James !

XI

THE HOME OF HENRIETTA WENTWORTH: TODDINGTON MANOR

PART I

"All the Latin I construe is Amo, I love."

ROBERT BROWNING.

"AMO" (*The Duke of Monmouth's Motto*).

THERE is a straight road which runs from London to Dunstable. It was old, and more than old in the seventeenth century, for it is part of the Roman Watling Street, which cuts through the maps of to-day like a wire strained taut ; like a wire it has a slight kink here and there, as at St. Stephens, by St. Albans, where the thrifty monks deflected its course for a space for the sake of the trade its traffic brought !—and then let it go again.

The kink straightens out once more, the wire stretches on past Roman Verulamium's crumbling walls, past the ruins of Bacon's Gorhambury, the small house for which Eliza-

beth made him too great!—on and on into Dunstable and away into the sunny distance out of our story. We only follow the Watling Street for a little way after all, and the steps of a hunted man upon it, flying, in June 1683, from the great world of his ambition and schemes for the Crown of England, James Duke of Monmouth, with a price upon his head.

In his pocket-book stands “the way that he took”:

“From London to Hamsted,
From Hamsted to Henden,
From Henden to Edgeworth (Edgware),
From Edgeworth to Astra (Elstree),
From Astra to St. Steephens,
From St. Steephens to Dounstable,
And from Dounstable to Teddington.”

Like beads upon the wire of a kindergarten toy, the Watling Street takes up and threads most of these places through which he passed, but at Dunstable he turned aside (as the Roman road does not), and headed across country for Toddington—“Todyndon”—“Tuddington”—“Teddington”—“Dodinetone” in Domesday Survey; according to one authority, “Sheep-meadow-town,” to another, “Hill-on-a-down.”

The taut wire runs straight and flat, but on turning aside to the right out of Dunstable, the traveller begins to climb up and up into rolling downland country, till he sees on the hill's crest the beautiful old Church of St. George of England, "four hundred feet nearer heaven," with the chapels of the Wentworths and their forerunners the Cheneys in its north and south transepts. The road that skirts the church turns to the left and drops into a wooded valley ; the modern motor swoops like a homing pigeon down the steep decline of the modern carriage-drive, and there stands revealed, among traces of an ancient approach, sunk gardens, old walls, and signs of what was once a moat, all that remains of Toddington Manor House, Toddington Place in Lord Cleveland's days. A turret, an adjoining room or two, a splendid dining-hall once the great kitchen, a glorious old stable-yard—there is little else left of the great Elizabethan mansion four-square to the sky (that "noble house, few subjects hath such a one"), built by "the extravagant" Lord Cheney, who entertained the Virgin Queen in 1563 and again in 1576, in the Spacious Days.

He died *s.p.*, and through his wife, Jane, eldest daughter of Lord Wentworth of Nettlested, the property passed to her great-nephew (a long leap !), Thomas Lord Wentworth, afterwards the first (and last) Earl of Cleveland, grandfather of Henrietta Baroness Wentworth in her own right. Lord Cleveland's four sons predeceased him, the last to die being Thomas, Lord Wentworth, Henrietta's father, first colonel of the "First or Grenadier Guards," three years before the old Earl's death in 1667, and there remained but this one little girl to carry on the line.

Eighteen miles away, in the modern Gorchambury, hangs a superb Van Dyck, the portrait of Baroness Wentworth's grandfather, "an enthusiastic Royalist," distinguished as a Cavalier officer in the reigns of Charles I and II, his career commencing in the reign of James I. He served with the great generals, Maurice Prince of Orange in the Low Countries, and Count Mansfeldt in Germany. He was one of the chief friends of George Villiers first Duke of Buckingham, and was with him when he was assassinated. His great kinsman, the Earl



THE EARL OF CLEVELAND
Gorhambury

of Strafford, being impeached for having too well seconded the despotic rule of his Royal master, he stood by him loyally to the last, attending his chief on the scaffold, to which the latter walked "like a general at the head of an army." At the Restoration, "when the King had his own again," the Earl of Cleveland, "in his plain grey suit," was at the head of 300 noblemen in triumphant procession as the King made his entry into London.

"I saw His Majesty's Guards," wrote Evelyn in his Diary, "being of horse and foot 4000, led by the General, the Duke of Albemarle, in extraordinary equipage and gallantry, consisting of gentlemen of quality and veteran souldiers, excellently clad, mounted, and ordered, drawn up in battalia in Hide Park, where the old Earle of Cleveland trail'd a pike, and led the right-hand file in a foote company, commanded by ye Lord Wentworth, his son; a worthy spectacle and example, being both old and valiant souldiers."

"That goes well, even after all these years, does it not?" Such was the stock of which she came, the girl who chose to serve the king on the left of a throne!

There is something of Henrietta in this picture, to our thinking, the same air of noblesse, of *quality*. We feel that Van Dyck would have painted the granddaughter better than Sir Peter, just as we have turned from the portraits of Monmouth by Lely, Kneller, Riley, Huysmans, Wissing, Wyck, and have longed in vain for the brush that portrayed the Martyr King, which gave us Charles II in full armour, a perfect gentle knight—at eight !—which drew (so we imagine) for Lord Cleveland's friend Sir Harbottle Grimston's great grey Gorhambury's walls, this typical old Cavalier, fondling his Order of the Bath, and looking down on us with the grace and dignity which the granddaughter carried into the Court of the Martyr's son, splendid old grandfather and charming little granddaughter, last of her line.

And with her it broke ! With her fell the glories of Toddington and came the end of all things. The beautiful old red Manor, deserted, stood "dying on its feet" till it was pulled down in the Forty-five—that disastrous year that witnessed the lasting eclipse of so many royal hopes, and the finish of more than one great house.

Toddington is visible to-day to the eye of the mind and the eye of the body—two such different Toddingtons, that, could a composite photograph be made out of them both, only a blur would result. For ourselves no clear vision is possible where the house is concerned. A study of the plan, now preserved, most fortunately, by the present owners in the modern dwelling (we made a bid at the recent sale, and were luckily defeated), gives us the old mansion as it was when Monmouth knew it, and the Ladies Wentworth, Philadelphia and Henrietta, mother and daughter, received the fugitive at the end of his flight.

The anonymous letter attempting to betray him to Lord Rochester on 20th August '83, states: "I am credibly informed 'tis of that vastness and intricacy that without a diligent search 'tis impossible to discover all the lurking holes in it, there being several trap dores on the Leads and in closetts into places to which there is no other Access; for which Reason I humbly conceive it will require a party of 20 or 30 men to secure all the Avenues and make an effectuall Search."

Alas for the avenues as well as for the old house. There is only one tree now standing which we can be certain belonged to those days.

On a rising slope of grass beyond the gardens there rears itself against the sky a glorious oak, still magnificent in the third century (at least) of its sturdy age. The fair stem rises clean and straight from the green grass, the blue sky gleams behind its still spreading branches. Here, too, is something—some trace of that spirit of youth possessed by the man who carved on the wrinkled bark the initials of his lady two hundred and thirty years ago, James Duke of Monmouth, lover of Henrietta Wentworth, hidden in this old house in its cleft in the downs for five months after the discovery of the Rye House Plot—for the whole summer, in fact, of 1683.

Here, then, Change counts for little. Here, in these quiet woods with their still pools and broad walks, Time has stood still and Youth is always young. The virtual Prince of Wales, the fine Court lady, playing at 'prentice and his lass—he cutting her name on one of her trees like the



19TH CENTURY DRAWING OF TODDINGTON MANOR AND MONMOUTH'S OAK

veriest “tripper”—have left us the echo of their laughter. Let the moralist grudge them their sinful happiness, but for once, just for once, let us forget the sin, for once laugh with them. Those who cannot read the past aright think that it holds only the remembrance of heart-break, the Soul of Loss, and they are wrong. *Laughter is beyond all else eternal—Stuart laughter!* These two were to “dream of a throne and wake on a precipice,” but not then. For that enchanted summer the sun stood still.

“She walked with morning down the wood,
Between the green and blue,
The sunlight on the air was good,
And all the world was new.

Then Love came o’er the flowers to her,
A goodly sight to see
From curlèd brow to wing-feather;
‘Arise and come with me!’

She walked with him in Paradise,
Between the white and red,
With Love’s own light within her eyes,
Love’s flowers upon her head.”

.

“In ’83,” says Ailesbury in the Memoirs,
“my father being returned from France he took

the diversions of the summer season. One stag, I remember, ran into my Lady Wentworth's park at Toddington, which never happened before, and he swam the great ponds.¹ I was accidentally thrown out, and in a lane beyond the park I saw a tall man in a country habit opening a gate for me. I took no notice, but casting my eye perceived it was the Duke of Monmouth, who was so indiscreetly mingled with the crowd at the death of the stag very soon after. All those ceremonies practised by hunters last pretty long, and I grew impatient, fearing my father might come to know him, for he had been obliged to have seized him, being a Privy Councillor and Lord Lieutenant; to prevent which I kept him in continual discourse that he might not look about, insomuch that he told me I had taken a large morning's draught! That lady, the mother, for the first time invited us to dinner, and, not long after, a second time, which she had never done before, in all appearance on purpose for a blind. To me at least she could not impose. It is a noble house, few subjects hath such a one, but she

¹ Dating from the reign of Henry III.



DINING-HALL, TODDINGTON MANOR

would never permit us to see the apartments above. Not long after a lady of my acquaintance that lived in a hamlet in the parish of Toddington—a very large one—was invited to dinner by my Lady Wentworth after church service, and that lady told me that the mother very inadvisedly carried her into her daughter's chamber, who was dressing herself, and saw a gentleman sitting in a great chair by the fire-side, my lady, the daughter, with some warmth reproaching her mother's indiscretion. The Duke of Monmouth negotiated his peace so well (and which to my knowledge was no difficult task) that by concert he was to come in the dusk of the evening to Mrs. Crofts' lodgings in Whitehall, where the King used to go often, and, as I take it, she had been governess to that Duke. He prostrated himself at the King's feet, and melted his tender heart, and he forgave his beloved child who begged one favour besides his good graces, that he might not be made use of as a witness, but after protesting his innocence as to any design against the life and person of the King."

So he went back to his short-lived restoration to

favour, and never again saw the beautiful old house he had left behind him. How splendid it still was must be judged from the old ground plan, since 1802 mounted as a fire-screen, and a quotation from a description compiled not many years past, which runs :

“The principal apartments of the old Manor House” (this is an extract from the little booklet, *A History of Toddington*, written in 1894 by the Rev. F. A. Adams, M.A.) “are alluded to in a survey of 1719 under the names of the Great Hall and the Great Staircase (lighted by a lanthorn), the Marble Gallery, the Great or Long Parlour, the Steward’s and other parlours, and, most interesting of all, the Lady’s and the Duke of Monmouth’s Parlour.

“On the first floor were the Long Gallery, the North Gallery, the Great Dining-room, the Great State-room, and many chambers. There were, originally, the Queen’s Chamber and the Queen’s Inward Chamber. Leicester’s Chamber was at the end of the Picture Gallery, and we are also told of my Lady’s Chamber, my little Lady’s Chamber, the Old Nursery, the Green Gallery, the Fencing-room, and the Hunts-



FRONTAGE OF TODDINGTON MANOR, 17TH CENTURY
Toddington Manor



THE GREAT PONDS, TODDINGTON MANOR

man's Chamber ; the tennis-court is also mentioned."

A suite of Monmouth's rooms, not mentioned in the survey of 1719, probably some of those "sealed, which could not be seen," was supposed to have been situated over his parlour.¹ His bedroom had been left exactly as it was when he quitted it, and a great-granddaughter of the tenant in 1795 stated in 1887 that in her childhood she had heard a tale of the furniture in this old room, visible through the rotting ceiling of the one immediately below, and described the "hearsay" picture of the magnificent green velvet plumed bed, covered with dust, and the age-and-damp-blackened counterpane over it.²

The present house was built by one of the Coopers (John Cooper bought the estate in 1806), who carefully preserved what then remained of the old mansion. It is a delightful building of moderate size, surrounded by enchanting gardens. Here and there, out of the picture of modern

¹ William Loftie Rutton's *Wentworth*.

² Monmouth's rooms were in the south part of the west wing, on the first floor. The site of the west tower can still be seen in the grass.—G. D. G.

comfort and well-being, spring broken fragments of the great past, reminders of the days when this pleasant country-house was a palace in all but the name, the seat of a noble family royally entertaining its successive sovereigns—Elizabeth, James I, Charles I—to conclude with “King Monmouth.”

The changes and chances through which the Toddington estates passed would form a whole article in themselves, but they remained among Wentworth kinsfolk, at least till 1806, to enter, with a fresh line of owners, upon another chapter of vicissitudes. We hope the ill-luck has come to an end with the advent of the last purchasers, Mr. and Mrs. Weston-Webb, for whose kind and sympathetic help we are pleasantly in debt. There is something about Toddington Manor which seems to ask for peace and prosperity after all these weary years, perhaps for the first time since the far-off days of The Trouble. “Let us now know quietness.”

XII

THE HOME OF HENRIETTA WENTWORTH : TODDINGTON MANOR

PART II

“Fame hath a fleeting breath,
Hopes may be frail or fond ;
But Love shall be Love till death,
And perhaps beyond.”

IN and out of this love-story flashes the Dowager Lady Wentworth, Philadelphia, daughter of that stout fellow Sir Ferdinando Carey (grandson of the first Lord Hunsdon), “a huge corpulent knight,” shot right through the body at the siege of Bergen-op-Zoom in 1622, the man behind him being killed, “but Sir Ferdinando lived on” ! This, without undue straining after (or from) a pun, may be considered the middle of Sir Ferdinando, since neither his beginning nor his end seems to be of the same romantic interest to the chronicler. Philadelphia, one of his *seven* daughters, married Lord Wentworth in 1655.

If we could but have the story of the Monmouth romance as witnessed by "lady, the mother," what luminous interest would not have showed from her point of view—since it is evident that her style was "round and quick"! In '80 her violent fit of passion swept "lady, the daughter," from Court on Monmouth's account; yet he was received, later, at Toddington—hidden—accepted, in a word. In yet another violent fit of passion, as we have told earlier, Philadelphia Wentworth vowed Ailesbury should swear to Charles II that she had never seen Monmouth during the five months that he had spent under her roof! Then, later, presumably with them in Holland "humouring" her daughter in the "conduct" that Skelton and Ailesbury deplored, she gave her jewels, with Henrietta's, to be pawned to assist in the fitting-out of Monmouth's expedition.

Then came his failure, his death, the death of Henrietta of a broken heart nine months afterwards, in April 1686—and Philadelphia Wentworth was left alone.

In the headlong rush of events we pause to wonder how she took it all, looking at the very



PHILADELPHIA, LADY WENTWORTH (OCKHAM PARK)

end of the story, at the FINIS written below all life had given her. The man with whom her name had been coupled in earlier days, Colonel Sir William Smith, was now a widower. She was "considered a brave match" for him, but they never married; and though she continued for a while at Toddington, she "did not go about with that boast" as she had done formerly. The fires had died down. In 1696 they were out altogether. Her name follows her daughter's on the Wentworth monument, and her coffin lies next to Henrietta's in the Wentworth vault beneath.

She left a legacy to Lord Feversham, of all people!—her daughter's former suitor, whose force beat Monmouth's at Sedgemoor ("the general who won a battle in bed")—and £2000 to be expended on the monument¹ to the memory of "Henrietta Maria Baroness Wentworth, died unmarried," whereon her own name figures.

The barony and accompanying lands passed to her sister-in-law, Henrietta's aunt, Lady Anne Wentworth, the "Lucasta" of the poet, married to Lord Lovelace in 1638.

¹ Fine as it is, a much smaller sum must have been spent upon it,

So closes this stormy chapter. Early left a widow with an encumbered estate, and the little only daughter (scarcely more than a toddling child) on her hands, we know Philadelphia Carey could give, at least, a good account of her stewardship where the property was concerned, but for the rest—? Hag-ridden by anger and ambition, we have to think of her life as a thing full of sound and fury signifying nothing. We see in her none of the calm steadfastness of purpose, the singleness of aim, the unswerving fidelity and love, of her far more interesting daughter, but she was extraordinarily human, in her own way, as were all the characters in this story. What must she not have suffered in that strange tempestuous life of hers? She was “out of the Wentworth picture,” astoundingly. We feel that her Spanish blood and Dutch birth made a foreigner of her altogether. There were horribly undignified moments in the part she played, which irresistibly suggest the rôle of the mother-in-law in a farce!—a hateful thought from which the mind recoils. Yet with it all we must never lose sight of the fact that she too was cast for a part beyond her powers,

beyond the powers of any save an exceptionally clever woman. But what chances it offered ! What dreams may she, too, not have had, what hopes for a regal future ? Of her relations with her son-in-law in all but the name, history says naught ; again we have to guess. All her wild rages and changes of venue seem to have left him untouched—as they affected not one whit the set purpose of her strong quiet daughter.

If we pity these two lovers who drove open-eyed, we think, upon the rocks, let us spare a little pity for this tempestuous, tempest-tossed woman, left stranded in the end, alone upon a lonely shore, with no possible future, and only the shattered dreams of the glittering past behind her. These great unhappy love-stories of the world's history strew upon Life's beaches the wreckage of more fortunes than those of their principals.

History gives us just one or two bare facts concerning Philadelphia Wentworth ; it remains for Ailesbury's awkward but illuminating pen to draw for us, here and there, a rough sketch of a wayward, passionate, but, it would seem, warm-hearted lady. Let us give her her due

—which perhaps Ailesbury, who obviously despised her, did not. If she had refused Monmouth shelter after the Rye House Plot, how differently life might have gone for her and her beloved child. But between her furious whirl from Court with Henrietta in January 1680 and Monmouth's flight to Toddington in June 1683, history, Saccharissa, and Ailesbury are silent. With mother, as with daughter, the curtain had fallen, and it did not rise again for three years. Three years out of a love-affair of the most fickle lover of the age! But only those three people knew the whole truth, and they have not told us one word.

Over Henrietta Wentworth's death we will not linger. We had meant to do so, and we find we cannot.

After all, there is nothing more to say but that we are glad the end came as swiftly as it did. To the last summer spent at her old home with Monmouth, succeeded her last winter there . . . without him; and then spring again;—and let who will, moralise, and who will, hope! But it was the end of all things in this life for her as for him; FINIS was written indeed.

“She came and sat down silently
Between the grey and grey.
The wet wind beat the leafy tree,
And Love was gone away.

The morning dawns to light anew,
The days bring back the year,
But how am I to comfort you,
My dear, my dear, my dear?”

It is among her woods that we leave her, not in the great grim vault in St. George's transept, where lies Henrietta Wentworth among her own people. From an old “plan in pencil” the inscriptions on the twelve coffins run as follows :

Lady Mariah Wentworth, Daughter of Thomas Earl of Cleveland, died January, 1632, aged 18 yrs.

The Right Honorable Thomas Lord Wentworth, Knight of the Bath, son and heir-apparent to Thomas Earl of Cleveland, he was in his lifetime Colonel of His Majesty's Guards, King Charles the 2nd, and Gentleman of his said Majesty's Bedchamber, and one of His Majesty's Privy Council. Buried March 7th, 1664. (N.S. 1665.)

Lady Lucy Wentworth, second wife of Thomas Earl of Cleveland, Dyed Nov. 23, 1651.

The Right Honorable Lady Henrietta Mariah Wentworth, Baroness Wentworth of Nettlested, Dyed unmarried April 23rd, 1686. (She lies almost under her monument, a little towards the north, between her father and mother.)

Thomas Lord Wentworth, Baron of Nettlested, Earl of Cleveland, L^d. L^t of the C^a of Bedford, Captn. of H.M. Band of Pensioners, Colonel of Horse and Commander of Brigade of Horse. Dyed March 25th, 1667, aged 75. He lived Honourably and died Piously.

Ann, wife of Thomas Earl of Cleveland, who died Jan. 16th, 1637.

The Right Honourable Lady Philadelphia Viscountess (?) Wentworth, Relict of Thomas Lord Viscount (?) Wentworth.¹ Died May 4th, 1696.

Sir Henry Johnson, Knight, died Sept. 29th, 1719, aged 60.

The Right Honourable Thomas Earl of Strafford, Viscount Wentworth, Died Nov. 1739.

¹ He took his seat in the House as Baron Wentworth.

The Right Honourable Ann Countess Dowager of Strafford, wife of Thomas Earl of Strafford, mother to William the present Earl of Strafford, Dyed Sept. 19th, 1754, aged 70.

Lady Ann Campbell, Countess of Strafford, Dyed Feb. 7th, 1785, aged 65.

The Right Honourable William Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, Died March the 16th, 1791. Of Blessed Memory.

When the barony passed on Henrietta's death to her aunt Anne, already Baroness Lovelace, there was once more no male heir after the death of John Lord Lovelace, and his only surviving child, Martha, succeeded as Lady Wentworth, and attended the coronation of Queen Anne as Baroness Wentworth of Nettlested. She married Sir Henry Johnson, M.P. for Aldborough, hence his inclusion in the family vault.

A word as to the portraits must be written here. We have called Henrietta Lady Wentworth "almost invisible." Hers was a complicated sort of invisibility into the bargain! Poor as she undoubtedly was, several great gentlemen

wanted to marry her, which proves that the little Maid of Honour was by no means overlooked at St. James's, and we can only conclude that her name did not figure in the annals of her time between 1674 and 1680, because no unfortunate notoriety branded it then. A good girl was not written about. Those who seek to fill in the blank are baffled in more than one direction—there was another Lady Wentworth at Court, Isabella, wife of Sir William Wentworth, sister of that Frances Apsley to whom the Lady Mary wrote the series of enchantingly school-girl letters signed "Mary Clorinne," and who married the first Lord Bathurst after Mary herself became Princess of Orange. She was Lady of the Bedchamber to Mary of Modena, this "Lady Isabella Wentworth," as Miss Strickland persists in calling her. Princess Mary sends her messages in the letters written to her sister; she is mentioned as figuring at the Court of the exiled Duke and Duchess of York in Brussels; she was present, later on, at the birth of the Chevalier de St. George; each time her name appears in the chronicles of her day we hope that we have caught a glimpse



HENRIETTA, LADY WENTWORTH

of Baroness Wentworth, but we hope in vain. And in the matter of portraits a hundred difficulties arise! There is a full-length engraving by Williams from Kneller of a tall graceful woman in peeress's robes, which we reproduce, though we agree with Prince Frederick Duleep Singh that it may represent Henrietta's first cousin once removed, Martha, Baroness (referred to earlier), or even her stepdaughter, who married *yet another* Wentworth. We have experienced misgivings as to the authenticity of the Lely picture from Wentworth Castle, here shown, on account of the dress and the style of doing the hair appertaining to the fifties rather than to the seventies, but it has been "accepted" as her portrait for a long time. The Lely at Crabbet Park, which has also been called "Lady Anne Lovelace," does not resemble other portraits of that lady, and is certainly too young for her, and nearer in date to Henrietta's début at Court in '74 (Mr. J. B. Milner says it *might* have been painted as late as that, though it is hardly likely!) than the Wentworth Castle picture with the dog. It is, in fact, happier as to

date than any other possible portrait, and that is about all we can say.

It is a puzzling fact that not one of her pictures resembles another! There is some excuse, therefore, for the use of the word "complicated." We have seen an engraving in the British Museum which no writer on Lady Wentworth has had the courage to reproduce, an inferior engraving from a Lely portrait, a really cruel little print *dated* at the time when Henrietta was in her teens (and engraved from a picture painted previously, of course), giving us a stout, careworn woman of at least forty-five, labelled as circumstantially as is the Williams engraving.

The changing hopes and fears, the warm glow of happy discovery, the cold chill of disappointing doubt, are all familiar to those who pursue that will-o'-the-wisp, the genuine portrait of a minor historical character!—we will not enlarge upon them further, but only mention our anxious search (a search at long length) from a desire to assure our readers that we have done our best in the matter. For ourselves, perhaps, this same difficulty which we have experienced

in materialising Henrietta Wentworth emphasises, for us at least, her very great and real fascination. Let us suppose that all the portraits attributed to her are those of other women, that not one of her really exists, and what then? It sets us free to see her through other eyes than those of the Restoration Court and contemporary history, and through her lover's eyes alone, his "virtuous and godly lady" with whom he found happiness and "all the blessings he could promise himself or expect." Does it matter whether she were plain or pretty? Assuredly it did not matter to Monmouth!

Fashionable great lady though Henrietta was, our conception of her does not fit in with the atmosphere of the Restoration Court. Among those whom a lax age reluctantly admired for their unsmirched chastity we have never attempted to place her. Yet she was far nearer their high plane than the broad levels peopled by the Lady Shrewsburys, Barbara Clevelands, Moll Kirkes, and Winifrid Wells. We have never tried to picture her in that gallery. Neither can we think of her as a practical-joking if chaste Elizabeth Hamilton, nor sailing

feather-headedly near the wind with Frances Jennings or Frances Stuart, nor issuing Mrs. Blagge's warning—"Be sure never to talk to the King!" She does not "belong"—all the same she is more human than her rival, Anna Monmouth, icily unapproachable (though we hear of no brave spirits attempting to approach), warmer than her mistress, the lovely Italian Queen, another splendid icicle; nearer our hearts than termagant Sarah Marlborough, who was worshipped by her husband and her princess and cordially detested by the rest of her world.

Henrietta Wentworth occupies her little niche apart; she is not to be penned with anyone else. Neither does she fit into a place in the Court of Orange, nor can we quite see her in her luxurious house at Brussels. She eludes the vision of the mind's eye—slips away from us as she slipped away in Ailesbury's story from the ball given at Antwerp in her honour by "Don Valera, a Spanish officer and my great friend after," whence, at a signal from Monmouth, then in hiding in the town—a note sent "to inform her that the tide served"—"she



HENRIETTA, LADY WENTWORTH, WITH DOG
Wentworth Castle

stepped down a back-stair and left poor Don Valera the jest of the Company " ! Never was woman more consistent—Monmouth whistled and she went, and the world might laugh or be laughed at, and what was it to her ? We think she died like that, we like to think so. After her lover's tragic end she went back to Toddington, and simply waited—waited for the one clear call, the signal to inform her that the tide served.

The villagers say that she walks by her fishponds still. Not to seek for lost happiness, fair ghost ! Thus at least she is made plain to us, as in the earliest portrait, the fine head thrown back, the little mouth with its lips just apart, the eyes—Wentworth eyes—looking from the present out into the future, fearlessly. So she waits, listening, as she always listened, with ineffable patience and perfect faith, for one voice only out of all the world. In the picture her hand rests kindly on her dog's head, but she is not thinking of her dog ! We can imagine that same kind hand lying lightly in Ailesbury's—in the clasp of any of her lovers—and the

tawny eyes gazing past them all, to one alone. So let us think of her, if think of her we must, walking through the broad ways of her woods, beneath green shade, by the glory of blue water, waiting quietly, quite sure of herself, of her lover, and of their love "till death, and perhaps beyond."

A BRAVE COWARD :
THE EXECUTION OF THE DUKE
OF MONMOUTH

ELEANOR NEEDHAM TO MONMOUTH

(July 15, 1685)

I GAVE you the whole of my life, you gave me the half of your heart,

Half of your heart for a year or twain, for a year or three !

And then She came, who had waited aloof, apart—

And what had you left for me ?

All you could give you gave, all that I had you have,

All of my life while life endures, if you will it so,

But never pardon of mine you shall come to crave,

I give you my leave to go !

“ He will love me a day,” I said : I said, “ I will have my day !

Half of his heart for a kiss or twain, for a kiss or three,

And then he will rise, and laugh as he rides away . . .

But he shall come first to me.”

So you came—and the days went by, and the months, the years,

And I held you still by a single thread, (did you never know ?)

But now here's a gay good-bye, you shall see no tears,

I give you my leave to go !

.

She gave you the whole of her life, you gave her the whole of your heart,

(So you knew Love's self for a year or twain, for a year or three,)

And now Death comes, who has waited aloof, apart,

And what has Life left for me ?

I stand by your bier this summer night in a prison cell,

And see once more your beautiful face on the pillow,—so—

Sleep and forget, sleep lonely, sleep long, sleep well,—

I give you my leave to go !

XIII

A BRAVE COWARD: THE EXECUTION OF THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH

PART I

"I wondered quite simply what dogs bayed about the path of that walker in the darkness, what shapes, what lights it might be, loomed about him as he went on his way from earth?—along the paths that are real, and the way that endures for ever."

THE heart-breaking thought that pursues us as we follow the history of this doomed race, is that the Stuarts led no-whither. "Poor men, God made, and all for that!" What did Charles I with his heritage, but buy a martyr's crown?—in which he was lucky. What did Charles his son, "sauntering" through those "unthinking" years after he came to his own again? What did James, but throw away three kingdoms (and all his reputation) with both hands? What did his son James with the nightmare of that long life of nothingness?—and what did Charles Edward, but soar so high into everlasting love and memory, and

fall so low—too low for remembrance—thereafter?

And James Duke of Monmouth, what of him?

Charles I, Charles II, and James II were bad kings, doubtless. Doubtless, too, that the "Pretenders" and Monmouth would have been bad kings, but England, then, was a worse nation. England forgets that; forgets, too, that a country gets the kings it deserves!

We wonder what the high gods expected of the Duke of Monmouth, they who gave him so much and took so much from him, who made him so little and bade him make himself so great.

"And all for that,"—the epitaph of the Stuarts. For "he was a thorough Stuart" in his beginnings of such fair promise, the Pisgah-sight of glory, honour, dominion, and power—the vision splendid—and in his awakening to the blackness of the Stuart night, that darkness which might be felt. Through the Valley of the Shadow into the shades he went, with those of his race before (and after) him, to the

depths he plumbed the abyss of defeat and shame that was theirs, and he, with them, faced the agony of the Hopeless Dawn.

Calm and serene again, from that welter of hideous terror, the ghastly breakdown of all self-control and common courage, almost of all decency, there emerges for the first time the Monmouth we had sought for and had never found till now ! (Had he ever found himself ?) In his own rather unusual way, Monmouth is elusive. He slips through our fingers so often ; we fall half in love with him, and check ourselves suddenly to ask why ?—we are doubly severe with his faults (in consequence), and then are ashamed of ourselves for breaking a butterfly upon the wheel ; we pursue his butterfly flight through pages and pages and pages of contemporary history (how they wrote and wrote and wrote in those days !) ; we try to see him through the eyes of those who loved him and who hated him — his father, his uncle, his wife, his mistress, his friends, his foes ; we read him through the pages of partisan writers, Tory, Whig, Orange, Jacobite, Hanoverian, till our brains reel. We turn to his

many portraits for help, and meet Lucy Walter's smile from lazy, laughing eyes, James Duke of York's "haunting Stuart sadness," a French twinkle reflecting Henrietta Maria's, a waxen Court mask as inscrutable as Charles's, a haughty stare as repelling, if not as repellent, as William III's, a boyish frankness entirely his own—and turn away again bewildered, marvelling that history saw but one Monmouth, and not very much in *him*!

Let us look through the records of the last few days of his life, the Buccleuch MS. letter (Ailesbury was in deep distress over a double domestic loss, and does not help us much for once), Bishop Lloyd's account, Bishop Burnet's, Dr. Welwood's, grave and reverend seigneurs all; through the official description; through James II's letters to William of Orange, stating that Monmouth "died resolutely and a downright enthusiast";—we shall meet, as we have said, for the very first time, the man as he was, Stuart to the last, and above all else in his capacity for surprising us who thought we knew him, as indeed we

ought to know Stuarts by now. Wonderful people, who give with one hand and take away with the other, who disgust and fascinate, ask for our love and do so well without it—Stuarts of the sixteenth, the seventeenth, the eighteenth centuries, who move us to anger, to laughter, to tears, to unwilling admiration, to still more unwilling contempt— Away with them !—erase them from the pages of English (and Scottish) history, and how much better it will look without them, and how dull ; and how utterly bereft of that strange thrill of High Romance that shall never be stilled while this is a human world.

.

In the British Museum, in the Bodleian Library, in private hands, lie Monmouth's last letters after his capture, begging for life, "for God's sake, or for any sake," which all the world may read—has read. One is exposed in a showcase in the British Museum. From beneath the cold glass rises that cry for mercy, for pity, when the hand that wrote it, the eyes that read it, have been dust with dust for many dusty years. There are times when our British love of fair play leaps up in hot blood as we pass

it, to demand that equal publicity be given to an account of the time when that lost courage came back, and the shattered nerves were strung to steel again. But this, it is to be supposed, is the public pillory before Posterity for him who is a coward—and puts it on paper.

Truly men must pay when they fail, and why should not Posterity laugh?

But we ourselves have heard a word, “Poltroon!” spoken in a picture-gallery before a gay young face smiling unchanged from the walls, a word falling not on long-deaf ears, but on others that would fain have not heard, and Posterity has had its laugh—and winced. Well, then, so be it, poltroon. Now for the finish!

On 16th July 1685, the day after Monmouth’s execution, Dr. Lloyd, Bishop of St. Asaph, wrote to Bishop Fell:

“I told your lordship in my last the Bishop of Ely was appointed by his Majesty to attend the Duke of Monmouth, and to prepare him to die the next day. The Duke wrote to his Majesty, representing how useful he might and would be, if his Majesty would be pleased to grant him his life. But if it might not be,

he desired a longer time, and to have another Divine to assist him, Dr. Tenison, or whom else the King should appoint. The King sent him the Bishop of Bath and Wells to attend him and to tell him he must die the next morning. The two bishops sate up in his chamber¹ all night and watcht while he slept. In the morning, by his Majesty's order, the Lord Privy Seale and Dartmouth brought him also Dr. Tenison and Dr. Hooper. All these were with him till he died.

“He confest that he had lived many years in all sorts of debauchery, but said he repented of it, askt pardon, and doubted not that God had forgiven him. He said that since that time he had an affection for Lady Harriot, and prayed that if it were pleasing to God, it might continue, otherwise that it might cease, and God heard his prayer. The affection did continue, and therefore he doubted not it was pleasing to God, and that this was a marriage, their choice of one another being guided not by lust, but by judgment upon due consideration. They en-

¹ It is not generally known that Monmouth was confined in the Bell Tower.—G. D. G.

deavoured to shew him the falsehood and mischievousness of this enthusiastical principle, but he told them it was his opinion and he was fully satisfied in it. After all, he desired them to give him the communion next morning. They told him they could not do it while he was in that error and sin. He said he was sorry for it. The next morning, he told them that he had prayed that if he were in an error in that matter God would convince him of it, but God had not convinced him, and therefore he believed it was no error."

So much for St. Asaph ; now for Sarum. Dr. Burnet wrote in his History of his own times :

"But all on a sudden he came into a composure of mind that surprised all that saw it. There was no affectation in it. His whole behaviour was easy and calm, not without a decent cheerfulness. He prayed God to forgive him all his sins, unknown as well as known. He seemed confident in the mercies of God and that he was going to be happy with Him. And he went to the place of execution on Tower Hill with an air of undisturbed courage that was grave and composed."

Follows Welwood :

“ Monmouth seemed to be born for a better Fate ; for the first part of his Life was all sunshine, though the rest was clouded. He was Brave, Generous, Affable, and extremely Handsome ; constant in his friendships ; just to his Word, and an utter enemy to all sort of cruelty. The manner of his Death did more than acquit him of any meanness of spirit in desiring to live, since he died with the greatest constancy and tranquillity of mind, and such as became a Christian, a Philosopher, and a Soldier.”

Below is an extract from the frequently-quoted Buccleuch MS. :

“ He acquit himself of his adieus with much composedness and sinceritie of temper, shewing nothing of weakness or unmanlieness. Noe man observed more couradge, resolutione and unconcernedness in him, any time before these appeired in him, all the whyle he walked to the scaffold, whyle he mounted the scaffold and whyle he acted the last pairt upon it. As he walked to it all the horse and foot guards were drawn up round about the scaffold on Tower-hill. He

saluted the guards and smyled upon them. . . . All this with as much indifference and unconcernedness as if he were giving orders for a suite of clothes. Noe change nor alteration of countenance from the first unto the last, but stript himself of his coat ; and haveing prayed, layed himself down and fitted his neck to the block, with all the calmness of temper and composer of mynd that ever hath been observed in any that mounted that fatal scaffold before. . . . Thus I have delyvered your Lo., a rude historical draught of what has come to my knowledge from original hands, concerning the last three dayes of that unfortunate gentleman's life ; haveing marked the most substantial and materiall thing I could gather from the tyme he came to Whyt-hall till the last act of his life, and his coffine. They are soe unusuall and inconsistant in a maner that one knows not how to reconceile them to ane other, and I am apt to believe one shall hardly meite in historie the life of ane hero, ancient or moderne, soe many surprising and unsuiteable characters concurring in one persone to be excessively fond of life and yet verie unconcerned at pairting with it. But



MONMOUTH'S SADDLE AND TRAPPINGS
Dalkeith House

these calculations I leave to your wittes and philosophers of the age. . . .

“My Lord,

“Your Lordship’s,

“I. F.”

Two letters to the Countess of Rutland, one from Chaloner Chute, the other from Charles Bertie, her uncle, describe the scene. Chaloner Chute wrote :

“Tho’ we were at a little distance from him we could easily perceive he did not seem to be in any way daunted by the great preparations that were made for his dying.”

Charles Bertie added that Monmouth described himself as “the most happy man in the world” during the last two years, and “openly declared a great assurance he had of being very happy as soon as this life was ended. Hee carried himself with great sedateness of mind on the scaffold, and told them hee was not afraid of death.”

James II had an official account published of what passed at the beheading, and wisely, for many people refused to believe in their idol’s

capture, refused too—and for good!—to believe in his death. There is some love which would fain confer immortality: “They say there is no death except forgetting! And oh, we don’t forget.”

This document was signed by the two attendant bishops and two bishops-to-be: “This is a true account. Witness our Hands, Francis Ely, Thomas Bath and Wells, Thomas Tenison, George Hooper,” and it is stated therein that they “made seasonable and devout application to him all the way from the Tower, and one of them desired him not to be surprised if they to the very last upon the scaffold renewed their exhortations to a particular repentance, which they had so often repeated before.” Burnet comments: “They certainly did very well in discharging their consciences, and speaking so plainly to him; but they did very ill to talk so much of this matter, and to make it so public as they did, for divines ought not to repeat what they say to dying penitents.” (The official account was not the bishops’ affair, however, and we ourselves are not sorry to read as much as possible which was written on the matter, nor to notice how closely all descriptions tally.)

They dealt with him faithfully, without a doubt.

We cannot blame their zeal, though their efforts came perilously near to bullying once or twice, and were met with charming temper, patience, and courtesy by their prisoner (not for nothing was it written of him that "he was of the most courteous and polite behaviour that can be expressed"), and an unshaken conviction and stability of opinion which obviously discomposed his questioners more than their cross-examinations upset Monmouth! They were so determined to get him to acknowledge the Doctrine of Non-resistance—a rock on which the bishops themselves split a very few years later—that they entirely forgot to mention the subject of the manifesto which Ferguson the Revolutionary drew up for him, and which was distributed immediately upon landing in England, a deplorable composition, and one for which Monmouth cannot be too severely blamed; it was probably the worst point in connection with the whole Rebellion.

But once did he turn upon his questioners!

"We can only recommend you to the Mercy

of God," they said (a somewhat unhappy way of expressing it). "We cannot pray with that cheerfulness and encouragement as we should if you made a *Particular* acknowledgment."

"God be praised, I have encouragement enough in myself," replied Monmouth. "If I had not true repentance I should not so easily have been without the fear of dying. The Almighty knows how I now die with all the joyfulness in the world. I do not attribute it to my own nature, for I am fearful as other men are, but I have now no fear, as you may see by my face—there is something within me which does it, for I am sure I shall go to God."

The impartial reader of these descriptions of Monmouth's death is struck first of all by the almost uncanny simplicity of his behaviour—simplicity, not simpleness. Other men of these times died calmly, unemotionally, *naturally*, but never, while studying any other account of a death on the scaffold, have we felt so strongly the presence of this quality, unexpected by those who do not know their Monmouth! Anything less theatrical, even undramatic, it would be im-

possible to read, and his life had been a succession of galloping farces, witty comedies, shouting melodramas, in which he had played so many parts, from the first day of his short life until the last. If he was not born great, yet he did his best to achieve greatness, and of a truth his party thrust greatness upon him. Seldom has any man failed more completely than did "Gaffer Scott"; but we are prone to forget how almost unsurpassably difficult was the part he had to play, how amazing were the obstacles in his path. His success was virtually impossible, a task beyond the capacity of any human being. William III, who succeeded later where Monmouth failed, was the strongest man of his day, and he was unquestionably legitimate—himself half a Stuart, and married to the heiress of England—and even *he* came, more than once, within an ace of failing, and, after succeeding, was certainly on the verge of giving up all that he had won and retiring to Holland, leaving Queen Mary alone on the throne of her fathers. This one illustration of our meaning is all-sufficient for our purpose.

It has been accepted as fact that Monmouth

was aware all along of his illegitimacy. Then let us add one comment, and one that has never been made before : if that were the case, how amazingly heroic was this young man, who, as Mr. G. D. Gilbert has pointed out, must have known that it was absolutely impossible for a bastard to win the English throne. But the mystery that veils Monmouth's birth is only equalled by that which hides from us the motive force which drove him onward through his entire career, a cloud which descended over the closing scenes of his short life. A strangely agonising secret strove frantically for hearing throughout those last desperate days. But the blow fell, the secret was buried with him, and now we can be sure of nothing. Mr. Gilbert has said of Lucy Walter that all we know of her for certain is that she was the Duke of Monmouth's mother. We can add that, from motives of policy, presumably, she herself denied it ! Therefore, we have for hero an adventurer more than ever the fairy prince of our earlier description, coming out of nowhere, fatherless, motherless, nameless, to claim a kingdom, to fail, to die, and to have that death itself doubted by those who loved him.

XIV

A BRAVE COWARD: THE EXECUTION OF THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH

PART II

“ We have drunken of Lethe at last, we have eaten of lotus,
What hurts it us here that sorrows arise and die?
We have said to the joys that caressed, and the terrors that
smote us,
‘ Good-night, and good-bye.’ ”

SWINBURNE.

MONMOUTH has never shared the modern Stuart popularity. The idol of the people of his time, posterity entirely fails to comprehend their passionate, and, in the case of the peasantry of the west, deathless devotion. He never soared into the clear upper air of High Romance where others of his kin as sinful and as weak as himself once spread their wings—and to have taken one such flight means never touching earth again in the memory of history. Had it been his good fortune to have fallen at the head of his valiantly-led infantry at Sedgemoor (“ Ah, my Prince, it

were well !”), history would have forgiven him—as a Stuart.

And we should have had so little to say of him !

But to defend Monmouth a certain valour is needed. Those who hold a brief for him are they who have met, as he did, the Terror that walketh by noonday ; who have faced it and fought it and been beaten to the earth by it as he was, cowards in the sight of the sun. They alone can go through the last dreadful days of his life with him step by step—the fighting, the flying, the hiding, the starving, the pleading in vain, the hoping in vain, the vain self-abasement, the shameful vain tears. They, for his sake, once more

——“ watch the night and wait
Until the morning shine,
When he will hear the stroke of eight
And not the stroke of nine ;”

and can see him go smiling up his scaffold’s steps, with a last gallant salute to the Guards he once commanded !—without derision, without execration, but with something of amazement, of admiration, and, it may be, of envy.

.

Monmouth may have been a king's son—a king's legitimate son. Mr. Gilbert's able defence of Lucy Walter forces the most prejudiced amongst us to admit that her marriage with Charles II was probable, her virtue possible, that she was befriended by his mother and eldest sister for a time, at any rate, and that, unfortunately for her place in history, everyone who wrote a word about her was interested in proving her to be worthless. Yet nothing was proved then—and little has been disproved since !

But modern history may be charitable and give her, poor soul, the benefit of the doubt, and over a nameless grave, whose very whereabouts her contemporaries never knew (since Macpherson alone is responsible for saying she died in Paris) might have been written the one word, *Perhaps*. The victims of secret royal marriages suffer even more cruelly than do those of secret royal liaisons. The more deeply we dig among the ruins of evidence on the subject of Monmouth's birth and parentage, the fewer foundations can we discover, but whether his mother were good or bad, whether he were

legitimate or illegitimate, their story is tragedy itself. Both were too close to the throne—on the left side !

Our own conviction is that had Monmouth possessed incontrovertible proofs of his legitimacy, a statement to that effect would have *preceded* him to England when he sailed to claim the crown. With that proof he might well have “walked into Whitehall with only a switch in his hand.” What did he know—or not know? His knowledge—or his ignorance?—lies under the Altar of the Prisoners’ Chapel. We believe him to have been Charles’s son, born out of wedlock. Robert Sidney’s supposed paternity concerns us but little, especially when we study the picture of Robert among his brothers at Penshurst!—though, if a likeness did exist, we may repeat that this young man was Lucy’s kinsman whether he was her lover or not, the influential Earls of Leicester were the impoverished Walters’ rich connections. But while we deal with theories, let us put forward a plea for Charles in face of his apparently incomprehensible treatment of the woman he so passionately loved—did he win

her from Colonel Sidney (as his brother states) and make a secret marriage with her, only to find, later, that he was fathering another man's child? He "recognised" other children most certainly not his own, in after life. Again, was Monmouth his lawful son after all?—but did those craftier shepherds of a most wayward sheep, Henrietta Maria, Mary of Orange, Clarendon, and others whose business it was to see Charles suitably married, poison the boy's mind against his beautiful Welsh wife, and finally succeed in separating them for ever? We know that Charles was a grown man at sixteen, but he was many months short of twenty, in actual age, when Monmouth was born. When he came to die, it is probable that he alone in all the world knew the truth, and they tell us that he kept silence. It may be that he did.

From the time that he lost Lucy Walter, Charles never trusted anyone again. But even history is unable to deny that he loved Monmouth more than any other man in his whole

life, and Monmouth had everything from him, but just that proof of his rights which would have given Lucy's son his father's throne without a struggle, on his landing in England. Instead, ensued the publication of Ferguson's crazy manifesto, and the three weeks' nightmare of a disastrous civil war.

"What may have been" succeeds "what might have been" in the whole strange story, to the utter bewilderment of the reader ; in the last few weeks of Monmouth's life, "the Wheel and the Drift of Things," the wrath of kings, the peril and the sword, play their parts till we have to pin ourselves down to bald dates to follow his course at all ! He was signing his Proclamation "James Rex" in the third week of June 1685, in the second week of July he was in tears at the feet of the other James Rex, the next week he died on the scaffold with a finer display of courage than was ever again shown by that once-valiant older James, who wrote of his last interview with his unhappy nephew : "He did behave himself not so well as I expected, nor so as one ought to have expected from one who had taken upon him to be king." Upon the



JAMES, DUKE OF YORK
Dulwich

writer of these words history was to comment as severely in a few short years, and the last agony of his death in a strange land is even more pitiful reading than his nephew's tragedy.

Poor stern, devout, devoted, well-meaning, ill-doing James ! We pity him from the bottom of our hearts, for he missed the most precious gift ever bestowed on king or subject, the art of making himself beloved. We pity him more than we pity Monmouth, for that lack spells loneliness unthinkable. No Stuart drank deeper of the bitter Stuart cup than he, who was to die by inches in his grey Court of Exile at St. Germain-en-Laye, passing through all the heart-sickening phases of a hopeless invalid's descent of the last hill : "The fancied improvement at a watering-place, the deceptive increase of strength in the summer months, the ups and downs, the lethargy mistaken for patience, the walks, the drives, the mounting of a horse for a short (yet too long) time, the changes of treatment, showing but too plainly that their predecessors had failed to produce the hoped-for effects," the being an unconscionable time a-dying, in short, and so, from slow death, good

Lord, deliver us !—from the death of James II, with almost the same words as Monmouth's on his lips, that pathetic, wondering little speech to heart-broken Mary of Modena : “ Think of it, Madame, I am going to be *happy*.”

Ill work was done, if done quickly, by compare, on Tower Hill on July 15, 1685, but there is no need to dwell upon the hideousness of the closing scene of Monmouth's life. Beyond one look of reproach turned upwards to the executioner who so incredibly tortured him, the prisoner, who had quietly refused all assistance, to be bound, or to have anything on his face, made no sign. But ghastly as it was, the true horror was over long before. It had ceased at that moment when the nightmare curtain of terrors lifted, when the unbearable mental tension relaxed, when, let us hope, all the sins and follies had been paid for as far as expiation is permitted on earth (give us here our Purgatory), and “all on a sudden came that composure of mind which surprised all that saw it.”

Remains the moment when he looked his last upon a golden summer world.

He came into life nameless and without

honour, and stripped of names and honours did he go out of it, bearing with him only his lady's love and his own simple faith—out to meet the Christ in whom he trusted. "There is something within me which does it, for I am sure I shall go to God."

To another life-long sinner, to one who at the last knew that there was a kingdom to be won beyond the failure and the shame of Calvary, it was said : "This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise !"

.

We read the contemporary accounts, simple laborious descriptions, portraying all the more clearly for their lameness the conflicting sensations of that closing week. We are wrenched from emotion to emotion as we read them in full, dragged from one point of view to another, forced to take this side and then that. *And this is the Stuart atmosphere. We can never think or feel two hours alike about any Stuart !* Slide succeeds slide in the lantern of history, and passes—passes. Throughout their course we

see the spirit of this young man blown like a tormented flame by the wind ; in a modern novel the expression, " Monmouth paused irresolutely," occurs so often that we marvel how, in all his over-active life, he ever got anything done at all ! At the end, at the long and dreadful end, the flame burnt straight and true, up to the July heaven, from the altar of his scaffold.

We are not here to decide whether such courage were false, such belief erroneous, such faith obstinacy—or not. We are not here to judge, nor to condemn, nor to excuse unduly ; quoting only from contemporary writings, and leaving untouched the mass of subsequent work on the subject. We have delivered to you a rude historical draft of what has come to our knowledge from original hands, and this is so unusual that we are apt to believe one shall hardly meet in history the life of a hero, ancient or modern, with so many surprising and unsuitable characters concurring in one person, to be excessively fond of life and yet very unconcerned at parting with it. But these calculations we leave to the wits and philosophers of the age.



MONMOUTH AFTER EXECUTION
National Portrait Gallery

So now, once again under the Arms of England, once more an English duke, he sleeps beneath the Altar of "St. Peter in chains." Over his dust is celebrated, century after century, according to the rites of his Reformed Religion, the Holy Sacrament denied him on his last morning. Without, a stone's-throw beyond the Chapel, are the barracks of the English army of which he was once captain-general. Between him and the Traitors' Gate, through which he came for the last time from Whitehall, the palace of his fathers, the Crown of England glitters behind its bars. There is no new moral to be deduced ; the Tower has drawn one for all time from the life- and death-stories of such as this English king's son, who was born, and who died, James Walter !

Three years ago they hung on the walls of the National Portrait Gallery the beautiful picture of a dead face. It had been discovered some time back in a Sevenoaks farmhouse by the late Sir Seymour Haden, who felt convinced that it was a portrait of the Duke of Monmouth. It

was cleaned, and at the back, under layers of dirt, was revealed an inscription written in an old-fashioned hand :

“From Miss Wray, and to her father, Sir William Ultethorne Wray, the son of Sir Cecil Wray of Lincolnshire, in whose possession it was originally ; Monmouth.”

This is all that we *know*. Who painted it, who commissioned the painter, who possessed it for generations ? To all our questions there is no answer. Mr. Allan Fea has traced back several possible lines of search most ingeniously, but at the end we are no more sure. Out of the mysterious past has come to us this magnificent picture, probably (for it is easy to see how speaking the likeness must have been) the best portrait of Monmouth we possess. The dark, handsome head rests on a white velvet cushion ; a black velvet pall lined with more white velvet, turned back like the sheet of a bed, covers the breast. There is a suggestion of mutilation to be hidden by a fold of lawn drawn up under the chin, which catches the eye at once ; beyond that, beyond the unmistakable presence of Death, all is peace. But it is Death, not Sleep.

So marvellously rendered is the texture of the pale face that it is possible to imagine the faint dew on the olive skin ; the blood has ebbed from the drawn lips that betray no pain nor horror, only the Presence of the Shadow ; there have been little lines of suffering and strain, but a Hand has smoothed them away. The almost black hair falls in heavy, careless locks over the forehead and in soft curls upon the pillow¹—no peruke here—exactly as it does about the pale face of that other James in Greenhill's canvas at the Dulwich Gallery. The beautiful chiselled nose, the marked eyebrows, the cleft chin, the drooping lids that hardly hide the eyes—all are Monmouth's, and, above all, are Stuart, line for line !

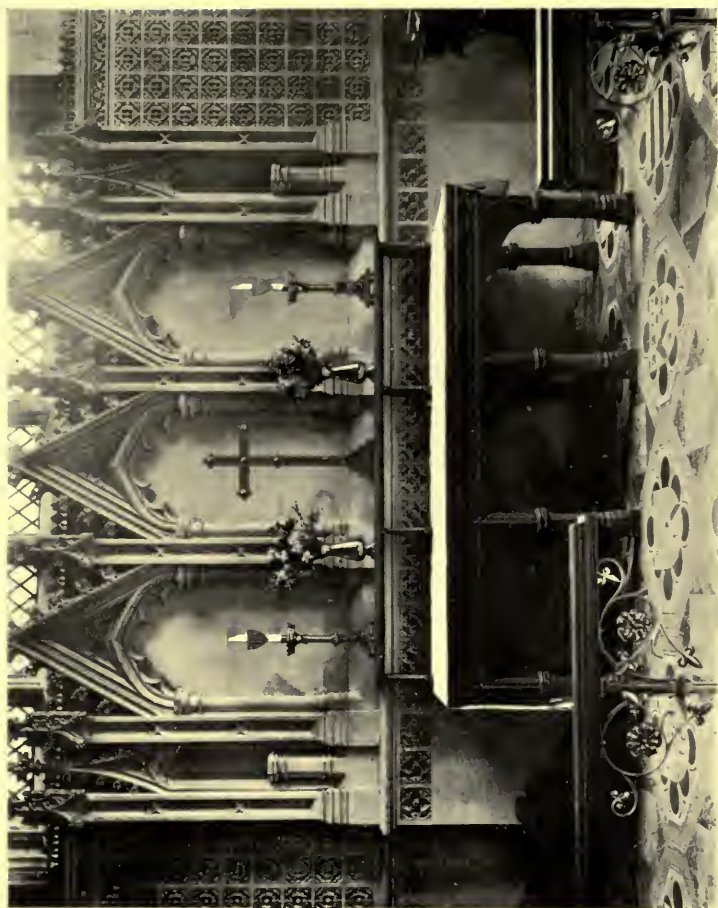
At last. Was it Death alone which could make plain to the world this man's birthright ? We look from the living James to the dead and back again, to the living James who denied more strenuously than anyone else that Monmouth was his brother's son, that son who was more

¹ It has been brought to our notice by Mr. George David Gilbert that in most of the portraits where Monmouth is seen wearing his own hair, a lock falls on the left brow, corresponding with that in the portraits of Charles I as well as of James II.

like himself than was any other Stuart, more like James in his handsome youth than his brothers Charles II and Henry Duke of Gloucester, than his own sons the Chevalier de St. George and the Duke of Berwick, both of whom were unmistakably Stuart-born — Monmouth, whose dead face, feature for feature, is that of Charles I.

After all, what does it matter now? No painting of cold clay has ever driven home to us with such insistent force the conviction of the soul's flight—this marble mask is all that Death left of that perfect face—*Monmouth* himself is not here any more than Monmouth is under the marble pavement beneath the Altar of St. Peter ad Vincula. After all, what does it matter now!

Close by hangs his portrait attributed to the school of John Riley, alive, laughing, dare-devil, beautiful, a Monmouth we know so well. But it is the living face that brings a lump into the throat, not the dead. With the living, it was all to come; with the dead, it was all over and done with—all the young life and love, scheming, suffering, fighting, fearing, dying, it was the end . . . or the beginning again.



THE ALTAR OF ST. PETER AD VINCULA

“How far from Tower Hill up to the gate of Heaven’s
Grace?

That no one knows—that no one knows—and no one
ever will,

But fold your hands upon your heart and cover up your
face,

And after all your trapesings, child, lie still !”

THE SOUL OF LOST CAUSES

*"A man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a Heaven for?"*

—R. B.

THIS is no grave o'er which we weep,
Not o'er our lost the waters roll,
We for the living vigil keep,
—They cannot kill the soul!
And thus in young hearts born again,
(Aspiring brains, brave hands untried,)
Th' Immortal Flame leaps high . . . in vain . . .
That fired the Losing Side.
So live again—so die again—
So lose again in endless strife—
Aye, give once more your love in vain,
This is not death, but life.

Oh, dying eyes that ever turned
Crown-ward—to meet a martyr's crown,
Who, where the Royal Standard burned,
Have watched a scaffold frown;
Who gazed long years in hopeless hope
Homeward,—and never home might see,
There glowed, beyond your vision's scope,
A soul's eternity!
And thus in young hearts born again,
(Aspiring brains, brave hands untried,)
Th' Immortal Flame leaps high . . . in vain . . .
That fired the Losing Side.
This is no grave o'er which we weep,
Not o'er our lost the waters roll,
We for the living vigil keep,
—They cannot kill the soul.

INDEX

- ABERCORN, first Duke of, 12
 "Absalom," Monmouth known as, 149
 Adams, Rev. F. A., his *History of Toddington* quoted, 186
 Ailesbury, Thomas, Earl of, viii, xvii, 21, 32, 61, 62, 140, 141, 148, 149, 159, 162, 163, 183-5, 190, 193, 202, 203, 212
 Albemarle, first Duke of, 179
 — second Duke of, 23
 Althorp Park, 86
 Amsterdam, 158
Ancestor, the, quoted, xiii
 Anne, Queen, 91, 114, 197
 Antwerp, 202
 Argyle, Archibald, Earl of, 60, 157
 Arthur, Mrs., xxii, 28, 143
 Aulnoy, Baronne d', xxii, 22, 26, 30, 76
 Avaux, M. d', 154, 155, 156
 Avenue of trees at Dalkeith, 85

 BALGONIE, Alexander, Lord, 103, 129
 Barlow, Mrs., *see* Walter
 Barnewell, Sir F., 12
 Bâton sinister, heraldic "addition marking cadency" to Monmouth's arms, 25, 41, 72, 89
 Beale, Mary, xiii, 87
 Beauchamp, Earl, xiii, xxiii
 Bell Tower, 120, 162, 215
 Bentinck, 154, 156
 Blagge, Mrs., 202
 Blooteling, A., xi, xiv, xvii

 Blunt, Lady A., xxiii
 Bowen, Miss Marjorie, xxii, 59 *n.*
 British Museum, viii, xvii, 39, 45, 200, 213
 Browning, Robert, *quoted*, 166, 175, 176
 Bruce, Thomas, Lord, afterwards Earl of Ailesbury, *q.v.*
 Brussels, 151, 198, 202
 Brympton, xvi, xxi
 Buccleuch, *see* Monmouth
 — and Queensberry, the Duke of, xxii, 82
 — family, 101, 102, 128
 — Francis, second Duke of, 73, 82
 — — — Earl of, 70, 101, 102, 103, 111
 — Marie, Countess of, 71, 103, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 132
 Buchan, Mr. J., *quoted*, 64
 Buckingham, Mary, Duchess of, 75, 80
 — first Duke of, 178
 — second Duke of, xviii, 26
 Burke, Sir B., 12
 Burnet, Bishop, 147, 212, 216

 "CALISTO, or the Chaste Nymph," Crowne's Masque, 142, 156
 Carey, Aletta, 154
 — Sir F., 189
 — Philadelphia, *see* Wentworth
 — Mrs. Ward, xxiii
 Caroline of Anspach, Queen, 92
 Carteret, Marguerite de, 8

242 ON THE LEFT OF A THRONE

- Charles I, King, 7, 56, 178, 188,
209, 210, 237 *n.*, 238
— II, King, viii, x, xii, xvi, xviii,
6, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 17, 20,
23, 24, 26, 27, 31, 32, 33, 46, 53,
54, 61, 69, 71, 75, 78, 88, 90, 92,
106, 108, 109, 110, 112, 113, 114,
115, 117, 121, 123, 131, 140, 148,
149, 150, 151, 154, 156, 157, 167,
178, 180, 190, 209, 210, 227, 228,
229, 230, 235, 238
Charles Edward, Prince, 45, 64,
209, 210
Charlton and the Charlton Hunt,
xiii, xvii, 16, 17, 119
Charterhouse, the Master of,
xxiii
Cheney family, 147, 177
Clarendon, the Earl of, xv
— Edward, Earl of, 10, 229
Cleveland, Barbara, Duchess of,
11, 144, 201
— Thomas, Earl of, 142, 177,
178, 179, 180, 195, 196
Cloche, James de la, 7
Cobham, Lord, xx
Collins-Baker, Mr., xi, xiii, xv, xxii
Cooper family, 187
— Samuel, xii, xvi, xviii, 120
Cornwallis, Lord, 73, 87
Corsham Court, xiii
Cowper, Lady, 92
Crabbet Park, 199
"Crofts, James," Monmouth so
called, 11, 113
Crofts, Mrs., 185
— William, Lord, 11, 119, 148
Cromartie, Lord, 69, 83, 84
Cromwell family, 54, 104, 105,
110, 114, 121

DALKEITH, account of, 101, 118,
xii, xiii, xvi, 12, 55, 81, 85, 91,
104, 132
Dalkeith and Doncaster, James,
Earl of, 79, 80, 95
David I, King, 102
"David," Charles II known as, 148

Davidson, Miss L. C., *quoted*,
198-9
Davies, Mr. R., xxii, 26 *n.*
Deloraine, Henry, Lord, 79, 80,
94, 95, 123
De L'Isle and Dudley, Lord, xxiii
Doncaster, Earl of, *see* Dalkeith
Dryden, J., *quoted*, 14, 22, 77
Dunstable, 142, 175, 176, 177

ELCHO, David, Lord, 75, 103
Elizabeth, Queen, 176, 177, 188
Evelyn, J., *quoted*, 5, 21, 93, 179

FAIR wigs and hair, a seventeenth-
century fashion, xiii, 87
Fane, Sir S. Ponsonby, xvi
Farnham Castle, 120
Fea, Mr. Allan, and his works,
viii, xv, xxii, 47, 59, 86, 147, 236
Felton, Lady Betty, 144
Ferguson, R., 18, 112, 146, 221
Feversham, Louis, Earl of, 141,
191
Fitzgerald, Mrs., xix

GATTY, M., 48
Gay, John, 77
Gilbert, Mr. G., xxii, 28, 224, 227
Gloucester, Henry, Duke of, xx,
238
Gooda, viii *n.*, 59 *n.*, 157, 158
Goodwood, xiii, xv, 16
Gorhambury, 175, 178
Graham family, 101
Gramont, Memoirs of the Comte
de, *quoted*, x, 21
Greenhill, 237
Grey, Ford, Lord, 29, 30, 31, 146
— Lady, 144, 147
Grimston, Sir H., 178
— Lady S., xxiii
— Viscountess, xxiii
Grove, The, xv, xx
Gwyn, Eleanor, xvii, 144

HAGLEY HALL, xx
Hague, 46, 152

- Halifax, Lord, 79
 Hamilton, Elizabeth, 201
 Hastings, Lady Maud, xxiii
 Hatfield House, xx
 Hayden, Sir S., 235
Helderenburg, Monmouth's yacht, 56
 Henri IV, King of France and Navarre, 7
 Henrietta Maria, Queen, 17, 72, 124, 229
 Holmes, Professor, xxiii
 Hope, Anthony, *quoted*, 55
 Housman, A. E., *quoted*, 226
Huis ten Bosch (House in the Wood), royal residence at the Hague, 155
 Huysmans, xiii, xvi, 180
 Hyde Park, 119, 179
 I. F., MS. of, *quoted*, 55, 159, 212, 217
 JAMES I, King, 178, 188
 James, *see* Monmouth
 James, Prince, the Chevalier de St. George, 198, 209, 210, 238
 Jeffries, Judge, 60
 Jennings, Frances, 202
 KEPPEL, A. Van, 153
 Kipling, Mr. R., *quoted*, 101
 Kirke, Mary, 144, 201
 Kneller, Sir G., xii, xv, xviii, 77, 94, 180, 199
 LELY, Sir Peter, xi, xii, xv, xx, 77, 86, 88, 111, 116, 120, 180, 197, 199, 200
 "Leslie's foot and Leven's troopers," 91
 Leslie, Lady Margaret, *see* Wemyss
 Little Saxham, 119, 148
 Locke, Mr. and Mrs. W. J., xxiii
London Gazette, 140
Loo Het, royal residence in Holland, 102 *n.*
 Louis XIV, King, xxi, 23
 Lovelace, Anne, Lady, 191, 197
 — Mary, Countess of, xxii, 142 *n.*
 Luttrell, N., 73, 76
 Lytton, the Hon. Mrs., xxiii
 MACKRELL, Mrs. R., xxiii
 Macpherson's *Original Papers* *quoted*, 151, 227
 Madden, Sir F., 48
 Madresfield Court, xiii
 Maestricht, 119
 March, the Countess of, xxii
 Marlborough, Sarah, Duchess of, 74, 202
 Mary, Princess Royal, 154, 229
 Mary, Princess, 75, 90, 114, 142, 153-5, 156, 198, 223
 Medals of Monmouth, xvi
 Medici, Marie de, 17
 Melville, George, Lord, 79, 84, 85, 91
 Mercer, Sir J., 71
 Methuen, F. M., Lord, xiii, xxiii
 Monmouth and Buccleuch, Anna, Duchess of, account of her, 69-96; 13, 20, 21, 103, 106, 111, 112, 115, 117, 118, 119, 122, 123, 124, 130, 132, 161, 165, 202, 211
 — — James, Duke of, character, vii; legitimacy considered, 5-9, 223-4, 227-30; adopted by Henrietta Maria, 10; brought to England, 11; treated as legitimate, 12; dignities and offices, 14; pardoned for brawling, 23; early years, 24-31; pocket-book, 39-64; marriage, 72; denies own legitimacy, 112; indifference to his father, 115; an outdoor man, 119-20; ironic letter, 125; character read by graphology, 126-127; dancing, 27, 143; at Toddingdon, 147-50, 182-4; in Holland, 151-5; death of father, 156; defeat and imprisonment,

- 157; love intrigue considered, 160-9; reconciliation with father, 185; last appeals, 213; Bishop's account of last hours, 214-16; barbarity at execution, 232; resemblance to his family, xii, xvi, xviii, 237-8; 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 32, 33, 70, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 82, 83, 84, 86, 87, 88, 89, 115, 118, 123, 124, 128, 129, 131, 132, 140, 141, 145, 146, 157, 158, 159, 176, 186, 187, 188, 190, 191, 193, 194, 202, 203, 210, 211. See also Medals, Pocket-book, and Portraits
- Montague House, Whitehall, xi, xii, xviii
- Montgomerie, Lady M., 81
- Moore Park, 119
- Morton, Douglas, Earl of, 101
- Mulgrave, John, Earl of, 76
- NEEDHAM, Eleanor, and her family, 144, 147
- Nettlestead, Wentworth of, the barony, 139, 142, 178
- Newmarket, 119
- Norwich, Jane, Countess of, 144
- Novelists, modern, undue licence taken by, 57, 131, 141, 234
- OCKHAM PARK, 142
- Okeover, Mr., xx
- Orange, William III, Prince of, xii, 12, 28, 54, 90, 91, 114, 115, 121, 153, 154, 156, 212, 223
- Orléans, Henrietta, Duchess of, 11, 154
- PENSHURST, 87, 88, 228
- Pepys, S., *quoted*, xiii, 8, 14, 17, 88
- Pipon, Rev. J. C. C., xxii, xxiii *n.*
- Pipon, Major-General H., xxii, xxiii *n.*
- Pocket-book, Monmouth's, MS. in the British Museum, account of, 39-64; viii, 25, 147, 157, 159, 176
- Portraits of Monmouth considered, ix-xxi, 16-18, 85, 120, 180, 235-8
- Portsmouth, Louise, Duchess of, 144
- Pryor, Mrs. E., xxii
- QUIRINSON, Sir G. and Lady, 154
- REID, Miss S., xxiii
- Richmond and Gordon, the Duke of, xv, xxii, 16
- Riley, the painter, xii, xv, xvi, xviii, 180, 238
- Ringwood, 120
- Roberts, G., his *Life of Monmouth*, viii
- Rochester, John, Earl of, his portrait at Warwick Castle, xx
- Laurence, Earl of, 148, 181
- Rose, G., his *Observations on Fox* quoted, ix
- Ross, Thomas, 11
- Roths, John, sixth Lord, 183, 189
- Rotterdam, 154
- Royston, Lord, 82
- Rupert, Prince, 13
- Russell, Messrs., 16
- William, Lord, 146
- Rutland, Countess, letters to, *quoted*, 151, 219
- Rutton, Mr. W. L., *quoted*, 189
- Rye House, 58, 146, 182
- SABIN, Mr. F., xiii
- Saint Albans, the Duke of, xv
- Saint George's Parish Church, Toddington, xxiii *n.*, 165, 169, 177, 191, 195-7
- Sainte Germain en Laye, the Château of, 231
- Saint James's, 143, 198
- Saint Martins-in-the-Fields, 119, 122
- Saint Peter's Ad Vincula chapel in the Tower, xxiii *n.*, 41, 113, 120, 168, 228, 238

Saint Swithin's Day, xvii, 8, 159,
232
Sanquhar, 112
Scott family, 102, 128
— Lady A., 79, 80
— Mrs. Dawson, *quoted*, 109
— Lady M., 103
— Richard, first Lord of Rankil-
burn and Buccleuch, 102
— Sir Walter, 102
— William, Lord, 103
— Uchtred Filius, 102
Sedgemoor, 4, 7, 59, 191, 225
Selkirk, the Earl of, 73
Shaftesbury, Anthony, Earl of, 60
Shrewsbury, Anna, Countess of,
144, 201
Sidney, Algernon, 79, 88, 146
— Dorothy, 79, 87, 145, 194
— Henry, 87, 153
— Robert, xviii, 86, 87, 228, 229
Singh, Prince F. Duleep, xxii,
199
Smeltzing, J., xvi
Smith, Sir W., 142, 191
Soho Square, originally Mon-
mouth Square, 119
Somerset, Duke of, 23
Spence, W., 157
Stamp, Mr. A., xxiii
Steuart, Sir T., 71
Stewart, Frances, 202
Strafford, Thomas, Marquess of,
79, 144
Strickland, Miss, *quoted*, 198
Sunderland, Robert, Earl of, 79,
87
TARRAS, G., Earl of, 106
Taylor, Jeremy, his *Golden Grove*,
46
Toddlington, viii *n.*, 58, 119, 132,
147, 148, 149, 168, 175-204
Tower Hill, 8, 26, 159, 216, 217,
232
Tower, The, 55, 62, 80, 120, 146,
220, 235
Tunbridge Wells, 121

Tweeddale, Lord, 104, 106
Tyrconnel, Richard, Duke of, 56

UGBROOK, xi

VALERA, Don, 202, 203

Versailles, xx

Verses (*a*) by Monmouth :

All ye Gods that are above,
62

O, how blest and how inno-
cent, 59

With joy we do leave thee,
58

(*b*) original :

Eleanor Needham, 207

Henrietta Wentworth, 137

It was Love for the asking, 30

King of the West, 37

Monmouth's Son, 67

Queen Mary II., 173

Room, there ! room for the
Prince's grace, 191

The Soul of Lost Causes, 240

The Visions Splendid, 99

What is it like to be Eng-
land's son ? 5

When the Glamour and the
Glitter and the Pomp are
past, 148

Verulam, the Earl of, xxiii

Victoria, Queen, 41

WALES, principality of, as affect-
ing Monmouth, 11, 64, 113, 182

Wallace Collection, 118

Walpole, Horace, 110

Walter family, 228

Walter, Lucy, xv, xxii, 6, 7, 8, 9,
12, 15, 31, 88 *n.*, 115, 224, 227,
228, 229

Webb, Mr. and Mrs. Weston,
xxiii, 188

Wells, Winifred, 201

Welwood, Dr., *quoted*, 44, 212,
216

Wentworth family, 142, 144, 177,
178, 195-9

246 ON THE LEFT OF A THRONE

Wentworth, Capt. Bruce, xxiii
 — Henrietta Maria, Lady, account of, 139-69, viii, xxiii, 57, 58, 124, 132, 178, 180, 181, 182, 183, 185, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 215
 — Philadelphia, Lady, xxiii, 124, 142, 145, 152, 154, 181, 184, 185, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 196
 — Thomas, Lord, 178, 179, 195
 Wemyss, the, 106, 123
 — David, Earl of, 72, 109
 — Margaret, Countess of, 13, 71, 86, 103, 104, 106, 108, 109, 110, 112, 116, 117, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 128, 130, 132, 133
 — Margaret, Countess of, daughter of above, 129

Whitehall, 72, 78, 119, 120, 148, 159, 218, 228, 235
 Whitmore, Mr. W. W., xxii
 Windsor Castle, xi, xviii, 119, 120
 Wissing, J., xii, xx, 77, 180
 Wray family, 236
 Wyck, J., the painter, 180

YORK, Anne, Duchess of, 53
 — Mary Beatrice, Duchess of, 28, 142, 198, 202, 232
 — James, Duke of, x, 11, 13, 23, 24, 40, 42, 43, 44, 53, 56, 61, 76, 77, 83, 86, 90, 114, 125, 156, 157, 163, 198, 209, 210, 212, 219, 231, 237, 238

ZEALAND, 162

THE END



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
Los Angeles

DATE on the last date stamped below.

--	--

A 000 974 434 3

